



"One Look and You'll Agree That This Is Definitely"

NOT THE JEWISH PRESS

The Largest Circulation Of Any Anglo-Jewish Parody In The World

\$1

VOL. I, No. 1

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WEEK OF PURIM, 1979

ADAR 5739

MESSIAH ARRIVES!

EXCLUSIVE TO NOT THE JEWISH PRESS — In what has to be the greatest event since the splitting of the Red Sea, our Israeli correspondents have just learned that the Messiah has finally arrived. After many false alarms and a few hoaxes over the years, this time we are sure.

Mr. Mashiach Ben David had to fight unusually heavy rush hour traffic, including a near fatal accident with an Egged bus on route to the Holy City. A final burst from his donkey brought the Messiah triumphantly through the gates of Jerusalem where an enthusiastic crowd, led by Mr. Elli Yahoo H. Navi, gave the Messiah a tumultuous welcome.

Advance man and public relations representative, Mr. Navi, had arrived in Jerusalem three days earlier so that Mr. Ben David's appearance was not totally unexpected. Prime Minister Menachem Begin, currently on special assignment in Camp David, was not present to personally greet the Savior. However, representatives from a multitude of Israeli political parties were on hand to win favor in the eyes of the Messiah. During a hastily assembled press conference, Mr. Begin did announce that in light of the new developments Mr. Sadat would be willing to make some new concessions.

World reaction to the Messiah has been mixed. In Moscow, Tass, the Soviet news agency, proclaimed the event as yet another Zionist plot to take over the world. In Iran, the Ayatollah Khomeini has asked the King of Morocco for possible asylum should the situation warrant it. Reliable sources report that if all else fails, Khomeini will attempt to disguise himself as a Sephardic stuntman employed at the Herzlia studios near Tel Aviv. Idi Amin was last seen somewhere in the jungle toasting his forces with a cup of cherry Kool Aid and Billy Carter, on a goodwill tour in Libya, has decided to extend his stay indefinitely. Looking towards 1980, Jimmy Carter has agreed to consider recognizing Jerusalem as the capital of Israel.

Mashiach's proposed trip to New York City has sparked much enthusiasm and generated great interest in the Big Apple. Meir Koch will head the welcoming committee. The purpose of this Messianic visit is to attempt to unite the warring factions of the Jewish community in preparation for their forthcoming aliyah. "However," conceded Mr. Ben David, "this task may be too great even for me." This statement came in light of a comment made by a spokesperson for the Satmar community who said that they would only travel on the "Wings of Eagles." No EL Al's jumbo jets.

In the meantime preparations in Israel are in full swing. The Ministry of Absorp-

tion has already started outlining its plan for the mass resurrection. Thousands of families are anxiously awaiting reunions with their ancestors, as well as the revelation of old family recipes. All those with last names of Cohen or Levy who play



New Yorkers take to the streets celebrating the Coming of the Messiah.

(Photo by Shabbtai Tzvi Studios)

musical instruments have been requested to report to the Temple Mount. We have also learned that the Hebrew Union Prayerbook will be undergoing a massive overhaul. Finally, plans for worldwide peace continue as armament factories begin their conversion to plowshare production.

Studio 770 Rocks with Ruach

story on 17

Carter Assails Jordan On Domestic Affairs

President Jimmy Carter today expressed shock and shame when the latest gossip on presidential aide H. Milton Jordon became public. After being accused of comparing the front of the Egyptian ambassador's wife's body to pyramids last year, Jordon made news when late last night he was allegedly seen leaving the home of the wife of the former Taiwanese Ambassador to the U.S. Carter was particularly incensed since he had recently broken off relations with Taiwan, while Jordon went out

and began his own.

Jordan, who was reached for comment at his Washington home, declared, "What I do in my spare time is my business. What do you think Kissinger was doing spending one night in every capital?"

President Carter who reprimanded Jordon and threatened to cut off his supply of free peanuts and beer said sighingly "At least when I had lust in my heart, it stayed there."

Army Disbands Illegal New Settlement

MIAMI — Some forty-five members of the Gush Emunim group were rounded up in police wagons and taken into custody here last Wednesday afternoon. Arriving at dawn in a flotilla of dingies, the right wing activist group immediately established a tent city along Collins Avenue. At the corner of 32nd Street an Israeli flag was erected, with members chanting slogans referring to Miami Beach as part of the Jewish Promised Land of Judea and Samaria.

In leaflets distributed by the group, it was explained that "miami" is really Hebrew for "from my people." A spokesman for the squatters, Itzy Bekini, vowed that Gush Emunim had "only begun operations in America." "Look for Gushers in Texas and Oklahoma," He advised.

It was not immediately known if the group had actually originated their action from Tel Aviv, Havana, or the lounge of the Caribbean Hotel.



Israel displays new strategic weapons received from the United States to be used in future sweeps of the Gaza Strip.

(Photo by Zevel Studios)

Police Captain Accused Of Anti-Semitism

Police Captain O'Rourke of the 66th Precinct in Boro Park was accused of anti-semitism by fellow officers Jacob Jacobson, Jacobson, President of the Shomer Society of the Police department claims that at the recent Pliceman's Ball, O'Rourke, while telling jokes to a number of Police Brass and their wives, asked, what's black and white and red all over? After rejecting such likely answers like a newspaper and an embarrassed zebra, O'Rourke said "You know what's black and white and red all over? A Hasidic Jew being beaten

up by the cops." His audience laughed but the remark drew criticism from many religious leaders and Mayor Koch was still upset at O'Rourke for refusing to let a gay cop be his partner. In another development Rabbi Berko Berkovitz accused police decoys who generally dress like Chasidic Jews of tearing the precinct apart after the Hasidic Jews began their peaceful protest. How could we have vandalized the Precinct on our Sabbath? Even if we wanted to, we couldn't carry any of the merchandise home."

New Nursing Home Scandal

NEW YORK — Exclusive to Not The Jewish Press — Yesterday at City Hall, Bertram Berman, an avowedly irreligious Jew, was cited by the mayor as the leading perpetrator of excellent care and feeding of the aged and infirm. In an exclusive interview, Mr. Berman, known as "Rabbit" to his friends, admitted he hadn't been near a shul in thirty years but swore he would continue taking care of his elderly residents "as if they were his own parents."

During a tour of one of the nursing homes on the fashionable upper west side, "Rabbit" Bertram Berman modestly showed us the spotless rooms, brightly lit and decorated that housed many of the residents. Each had a color tv and bright artwork on the walls to lend an inviting tone to the home.

The food which we sampled — totally at random — was the equal of anything at Lou Siegels — and the menu offered a selection that would put Bernsteins to shame. The people in the dining room were talking animatedly and seemed to enjoy the total pleasure of the place. "Don't quote me but I

think the food is better than The Pioneers ever was" said one guest of me.

"Rabbit" Bertram Berman's nursing home expose came to light when an enterprising young neighborhood politician began to check on persistent rumors of a superbly run, reasonably priced nursing home in his district. Further probing led to the discovery that Berman had a whole chain of delightful homes for the aged and infirm that he operated at a loss because he felt "someone has to care for these people — why not me."

In a guarded statement, Berman conceded that he had never headed any religious organizations, did not wear a skullcap, avoided synagogue even on the high holidays and had never been to Israel although he did give large sums anonymously.

Several leading civil liberties lawyers were heard to comment that the ACLU would have no comment on the matter unless it could be shown that patient's rights were being denied at the weekly drawing for free Metropolitan Opera tickets.

Begin At The Top

By Begin the Begiune



Peas at any price

It is becoming more apparent as time goes on that the western countries have adopted a policy which can only lead to certain economic disaster as it unfolds. Neville Chamberlain in his most misguided moments never went as far as the so-called leaders of democracy are going. And it could get worse. The issue is "peas at any price."

Anyone from the allegedly democratic countries that has gone shopping in the past few days couldn't fail to notice the radical rise in the price of peas. The farmers are using tired phrases of "increased fertilizer costs" and "rocketing labor wages" to justify their unconscionable commodity charges. Are we to be held hostage to these supposedly indispensable growers of vegetables? Can the housewives of the free world continue to be assaulted daily with ever-higher food bills? I say we must draw the line — here and no further!

My plan is simple. Menus should not include any dishes where peas have to play an important role. Pea soup should simply disappear from the tables of Jewish homes all over the world. Who needs peas when beans could serve just as well? If enough people stop buying peas then the farmers will take notice that "peas at any price" is simply an untenable position and soon the market place will determine what is fair and what isn't.

Peas are no small mater. If "peas at any price" is left to become the basic position of the West then who knows where it will all end. The issue is serious and without the support of American Jewry we face dangers at the "bargaining table" of nutrition. After all, it may only be peas today, but tomorrow it could be broccoli. And that's not small potatoes.

WEEKLY CALENDAR - "LUACH"

N.Y.C.
SABBATH

PURIM, 1979
ADAR 5739

(Purim, 1979 Adar 5739

6:44 P.M. E.S.T.)

WILLIAMSBURG G-D Only Knows
BORO PARK A Little Before the Above
STATEN ISLAND.....It Depends On Who
You Ask

JERUSALEM 6:00 P.M.

GOLDERS GREEN Midnight

Weekly Reading - Sunday Times



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Torah and Treason

By Renowned Gaon B.S. Drusha

From a series of interviews with real heimish people

Several years ago I converted to orthodox Judaism. I was a professional prizefighter and I have several recommendations for those people considering the same path. Follow these instructions or I'll knock your head off, just kidding. My main objective is to point out to the convert that he must seek the guidance of an orthodox rabbi and not attempt to educate himself. You cannot teach yourself the ways of orthodoxy by reading an English translation of "halacha", but only from the understanding of the pure intent of the Torah. This can only come from one who understands "halacha" from the text in Hebrew, because a lot is lost in the translation process, therefore, even though it is common for the convert to be embarrassed to receive assistance in his religious education, it is a must if he is to fully understand the Jewish commandments. I write from experience as I attempted to convert without higher consultation and forced myself into many awkward situations.

At the time of my conversion I moved into an orthodox neighborhood. I was very depressed and angry at myself for wasting so many years of my life without purpose. I felt like killing myself. My former neighbor tried to help me by telling me some of the commandments in English. "Treat thy neighbor as they would thyself." So I killed him.

Before my conversion I always wanted to know what "mazal tov" meant. I looked it up and found that it simply meant good luck. A phrase that is always appropriate. My friend one evening called me up to tell me that his aunt died. I told him that I was sorry and wished him "mazal tov". He replied, and I'll never forget those kind sounding Hebrew words, "im yirtzeh hashem by you."

It is very important to listen to your spiritual instructor when learning Jewish traditions. My first havdala ceremony was nearly fatal. I just mixed everything up. I ate the spices and sniffed the flame and nearly blew my face off.

Continued page 19

FLASHLIGHT ON EDUCATION

By CHANOCH GREENBERG

I went to a school yesterday. The school is on a nice block. The block has trees on it. The trees have no leaves. That is because it is *Spring*. In the *Spring* the trees will have leaves. I can't wait for Spring.

I went to this school to talk to the principal. The principal's name is Mr. Gottlieb. He is a man. he is a nice man with no hair on his head but a bushy moustache. Mr. Gottlieb wore a brown suit. His secretary looked very young. Maybe young enough to be Mr. Gottlieb's daughter. And the skirt she wore was short. Very short. Short enough to fit Mr. Gottlieb's granddaughter, who is only 6 years old.

I went to speak to Mr. Gottlieb about the reading scores in his senior class. They are bad. Very bad. They are reading on a fourth grade level. Which is okay for an elementary school. But Mr. Gottlieb is a principal of a high school.

I asked him why Johnny can't read. He said Johnny can read. I said good. He said not so good. I said why. He said because Juan and Carlos and Salvatore and Casper and Lenox and Junior can't read at all. I asked why.

Mr. Gottlieb said that the government spent 2 million dollars to find out why they can't read. And they still don't know the answer. Or what happened to the 2 million dollars. How should he? He is right. Why should he know why they can't read? Mr. Gottlieb can read. With his glasses on. And he doesn't have 2 million dollars. **Continued page 18**

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Israeli Secret Weapon Revealed

UPI (Tel Aviv) — A top-secret Israeli military plan has been leaked by a top government source. The plan is meant to paralyze the United States in the event that it attempts to withhold support or blackmail Israel at a critical time.

The plan calls for an infiltration of the taxicab industry in the largest city in the U.S., New York. If the time arrives that Israel feels threatened, a call will go out to the thousands of agents in the guise of cabdrivers who will hold for ransom hundreds of key financial, and political figures travelling in the backseats of their vehicles.

Sources indicate that the plan may already be in operation as a number of Israeli-sounding names

have appeared on hack licences in the New York area. The potential for such a devastating move is compounded by the presence of the diplomatic corps of every nation at the United Nations in New York. It would be quite possible for the Israeli agents to pick up a fare outside the U.N. which included key representatives of the USSR, Libya, or other antagonistic nations.

The effect of such a tactic could be catastrophic remarked a high Pentagon official. The CIA is considering sending a number of their agents into the N.Y. cab industry to gather intelligence on the apparent operation.

Koch-Kollek Next Nobel Candidates?

KOCH-KOLLEK summit talks to be held at Camp Achbar Mitzvah in the Catskill Mountains.

Special to NJP — Government yentas close to this newspaper have revealed to us that the distinguished mayor of Jerusalem, Teddy Kollek, is scheduled to fly here on an unprecedented mission. He will be meeting for the several days at Camp Achbar Mitzvah with mayor Ed Koch.

The subject of these historic talks will be the signing of a treaty permitting the export of several hundred specially trained and bred cats to the City of New York to rid our neighborhoods of rats and

mice. Mayor Koch, it is believed, will be asking the U.S. Air force to supply a fleet of super-powered Hercules aircraft to quickly transport the felines.

The Israelis, aside from solving their cat problem have asked Mayor Koch to trade two Israelis for every four cats, thereby hoping to reclaim many of Israel's citizens now living in Rego Park and Forest Hills.

The Israeli consulate in an unusual breach of security have disclosed that the code name of this mission will be "Operation Catskill."

Police Storm Lubavitch

St. Patrick's Day was not the same this year for the Irish-Jewish policemen of Crown Heights. At 4:19 PM (3 minutes after candle-lighting), Sgt. M'Chatonim led his men in an assault on the private study of the Lubavitcher Rebbe, Shneur Zalman Schneerson. The officers say they were protesting Rabbi Schneerson's failure to bless them on the Holiday.

The police pulled off sacred texts from the

shelves, overturned yarmulka boxes, threw pushkes out the window, and tore apart prayer shawls.

Certificates of kashrut, crucial to catering and delicatessen businesses, were strewn about the room. Sy Saltz, owner of the Peeking Tom Oriental Kosher Restaurant, said: "How I continue in business without no certificate of Kashrut?"

The police department decline... to comment.

USSR To Get Our Technology

Special to Not the Jewish Press — Unidentified sources close to NJP have revealed this morning that the Russians have assigned two KGB agents, disguised as yeshiva bochrim, to infiltrate our offices. Their ultimate aim: to discover exactly how our operation functions. Those sources say that the Russinas plan to steal our technological secrets and bequeath them to the Polish government. In

particular the Russians are seeking to discover some of our special techniques in their new quest to turn their red journalism yellow. In the meanwhile NJP staff has taken additional security measures which they would not discuss in specific detail. It is a strong possibility that the next edition of this paper will be printed in invisible ink.

Yeshiva Boy Suffocates In Polyester Suit

Fifteen year old Sholom Azel of Williamsburg was hospitalized last night for suffocation. After wearing his weekday polyester suit for three consecutive days, Azel began to feel stiffness around the shoulders and neckline. He attributed that to a pull in the material caused by swaying during davening, friends say.

That the cause was more serious became clear

when Azel recited the Eighteen Benedictions. As he bent his knees in prayer, his body jerked forward and his arms froze in outstretched supplication. Azel remained in that position until after the evening prayers, when friends realized something was wrong.

Azel's condition is described as fanatic.

Storm Over Rabbis Ruling

Special to The NJP Manhattan — A new storm is raging over a recent decision by a local "orthodox" rabbi. His recent ruling at a well-known Manhattan "orthodox" synagogue is causing considerable outrage in the religious community all over the world. The decision to ban all discussion of business in the synagogue during shabbat services was seen as a direct assault on our holy traditions.

"How can any G-d fearing diamond dealer or investor be expected to idly sit back as his best business deals pass him by?" asked one religious congregant. "I've managed to swing some of my best deals during the repetition of the Amidah and have gotten some of my hottest stock tips during the Torah-reading" he continued. Many of the

other congregants expressed similar feelings, citing key partnerships and mergers that had grown out of this weekly ritual. One regular worshipper added "...sure there are those who might try to spoil these intricate dealings by shushing us, or intimidating us with rude comments. But never before has such a distinguished figure as the Rabbi lowered himself to such anti-religious depths."

Reaction to the ruling has been swift, with many leading authorities, the Board of Orthodox Jewish Businessmen in particular, taking up the attack. A similar outcry to an earlier ruling by the same "rabbi" caused him to revoke that decision. The earlier ruling was an attempt to ((G-d forbid)) prevent all talking during certain parts of the Shabbat services.



Shimon Perez

Former Minister of Defense
(by arrangement with Shituyot Aharonot)

Whatever it is, I'm Against it

For what seems to be an eternity, I have used these pages to heap criticism upon, humiliate, and, if you will excuse the expression, crucify those who could loosely be called the present government. Why, I have been repeatedly asked, do I vitriolically oppose every policy, speech and memo delivered by Merry Menachem and his mass of, mongoloid ministers? What motivates a normally decent, gentle, unassuming former Defense Minister to fling the most absurd, contrary, and vile remarks towards the ruling party?

I feel that the time has come for me to reveal the roots of my sudden angry rebellion. My opposition does not lie in differences over strategic positions, or fiscal policy, or even occupied territories. No dear reader, the truth is my gall stems from one simple fact — nobody wants to publish my memoirs.

You must realize that the publication of one's memoirs is the pinnacle of any political career. No public servant worth his salt could ever face his peers or public again if he is not published. I've tried, G-d knows, I've tried. Lippencott, Doubleday, Prentice-Hall, Simon & Schuster, and on and on and on. But it's always the same answer 'You write well mister, but nobody really gives a damn about what a loser has to say.' (So what, anyone can lose an election and still be published — look at Nixon!)

Indeed, my memoirs, *Is Perez Burning*, are fascinating, bright, historical and well written. Yet nobody is interested.

If I didn't know any better I would suspect some kind of Zionist conspiracy perpetrated by the Eastern Jewish Literary Establishment. How can Begin succeed in selling a book written with such stilted prose so as to make any lover of any mother tongue turn green. And what about Eban, with his intimidating tone of high sounding Oxford verbiage? It even became the Literary Guild's selection of the month. Dayan will write on anything and they all sell well. His latest is on the Bible. Dayan and the Bible — good grief! Even Sadat got a great contract and is still collecting royalties. Golda's book not only became a best seller but influenced a Broadway play with Mel Brook's wife. Well, I want, deserve and demand a piece of the action.

My book could be a best seller. I want to appear with Barbara, Dinah, Mike and Johnny, to talk about my life. I deserve to see Amos Oz wax eloquent over my work as he reviews it in the *New York Times Review of Books*. I demand to be published and read. **Continued page 17**

VIEWPOINT

By "Achuzat Bayit":
Housing Minister of Israel Speaks

It often amuses me to hear people describe the housing problem in Israel as a "recent development." Housing problems have been a tradition in Judaism throughout the ages.

As far back as the dawn of man, Adam and Eve lost their lease on the very choice piece of property. From then on, the curse of housing problems has accompanied us. Since the early days of the ancient Hebrews, when our ancestors were forced to live in little huts (succot) while wandering through the desert, housing problems have been part and parcel of Israeli life.

Even when the Lord spoke of His love for the Jewish people and His desire to be with them, it was not without stipulation. The Lord's wishes were clearly stated in Uziyahu 36: (24-36) When He appeared to the prophet Uziyahu Ben-Botz in a vision and proclaimed, "And you shall build me a house that I may dwell amongst them. For prime rentals are prohibitive." Our sages were puzzled by this request, as it is a well-known fact that the Lord was entitled to both rental assistance and a housing loan through "Misrad Haklita" (Ministry of Absorption). Nevertheless the "Shlep," Rav Shabtai Lepzki answers this point quite astutely by reminding us that the Lord had two things going against him:

1) He's a "single." 2) He wanted to live in Jerusalem.

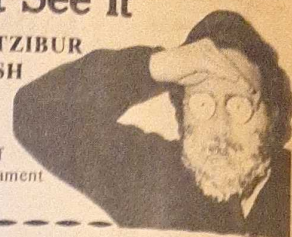
David, mighty king of Israel ... (and always one to seize a good opportunity 'a "freebie"), upon hearing of the Lord's new housing project, was quick to request "achat shoalti mayayt hashem otah avakaysh — shivti b'vayt hashem kol y'may chayai" (only one request I have my Lord, let me live in your house all the days of my life.) Upon hearing that the project would not go up until the time of his son Shlomo, David became depressed and took another wife.

This problem was passed on from biblical times all through the generations. Even with all of the problems we still won't settle for less. Wasn't Herzl almost lynched because he couldn't get good housing in The Holy Land and opted for cheap cops in Uganda which even then was a miserable neighborhood? Today, as more Jews leave their condominiums of the West and flee oppression in the USSR and Arab lands, the problem is worse than ever before. But you can rest assured that we at the Ministry of Housing are working even harder than our forefathers to solve the problem. With our plans for Israeli branches of Starret, Lefrak, Ebbets Field and Mitchell Lama housing we will be ready for that great influx when the Messiah arrives.

I Can't See It

By MINHATZIBUR
PORUSH

Smoker of
Low-Tar Parliament



A tragic incident has taken place this past week which I feel compelled to bring to the attention of all Torah-true Jews and even to Jews who are not members of Bushath Israel. In addition, I haven't got anything else to write about.

This week a Jerusalem Municipal Court sentenced Fruma Machashefa, a young girl from Mea Shearim, to a year in prison. It is alleged that Fruma tossed a fifteen-pound cinder block through the windshield of an Egged bus during a Shmirat Shabbat demonstration.

First off, the evidence against Fruma is circumstantial at best. The police arrested Fruma shortly after the incident because of a piece of material caught on the cinder block matched the material of Fruma's blouse. In fact, the police would not have suspected Fruma at all except that she was screaming hysterically as a result of the public exposure of her right elbow.

The reaction of the Israeli press was one of pure sensationalism. In four major categories (letters, words, sentences and column-inches) the papers devoted more coverage to Fruma's arrest than they did to the incident where demonstrators threw eggs at the Israeli soccer team's bus. Any Torah observant Jew should be offended by this imbalance. After all, throwing eggs involves a transgression bal tashchit (wasting food) which is an issur d'oraita (Biblical No-No). On the other hand, smashing a bus window with a cinder block on Shabbat, being a purely destructive act, is one issur mid'rabanan (a Yemenite custom).

Even if Fruma did throw the cinder block she could not have fully understood the consequences of her actions. It was not until the following day that the renowned Torah scholar, Rav Machmir Legamrei, ruled that cinder blocks should not be thrown so as to land inside buses on Shabbat. The reason is that the additional weight of the cinder block would cause the engine to work harder.

Finally there is the matter of the sentence imposed. I realize, of course, that there are some who believe that true Jews who disagree with Bushath Israel's position on drafting women into the army. These individuals simply do not comprehend the clear-cut principle that if Hashem had wanted us to allow from girls to be drafted, He would have given us some other issue over which to divide the community. Nonetheless, even such an am ha-aretz (halachic cretin) would agree that prison is no place for a frum girl.

I would like to suggest, therefore, that Fruma be given an opportunity for alternate service. Perhaps she could train the Israeli shot-put team for the 1980 Moscow Olympics. After all, that bus driver looked remarkably like Leonid Brezhnev.

ISRAELI DIGESTIVE NEWS

by Menachen Sadat
Special Correspondent in Israel

Vast fruit and vegetable shortages are expected in Israel next year, due to a serious but long "covered up" problem that just recently came into the public eye. As a result of the fact that fruits and vegetables are both an important part of the Israeli diet and a major source of income through export, a shortage at this time could wreak havoc on the already strained Israeli economy.

The root of the problem, a fertilizer shortage, lies within the Ministry of Agriculture where the various Ministers are busy arguing amongst themselves. Each seems more intent on laying the blame elsewhere than on solving the problem.

Minister of Manure, Zevulun

Zev-el, when confronted with the problem, claimed in an interview in the daily "Haaretz" that the cow's level of manure production had dropped to lows not experienced since the days of the "Yom Kippur War." He cited statistics from the December 1973 annual report of The Journal of Biological Waste, comparing them to the current year's statistics. Although the number of cows has increased by over 200% over the past six years, the TMP (Total Manure Production) has not reflected this great increase. During the same period of time the demand for natural fertilizer, as opposed to the chemical variety, has skyrocketed. "I can't supply what I don't have," is how

Fruit and Vegetable Shortage Hits Israel

Zev-el sums it up. "Speak to Tzachi," he recommends.

"Tzachi," of course, is Minister of Cows, MooHamed or Yitzchok Parah, who in turn claims that the cows are "b'seder" and that it's the "cheaper cow-feed supplied by the Ministry of Cow Feed that has caused widespread constipation among the cows," which in turn has led to the drastic drop in the TMP. "I can eat what I want," says Parah, "but my poor cows must eat what Peretz provides." With that, Parah neatly shovels the manure problem into the lap of the Minister of Cow Feed, Peretz Misani.

Misani, when questioned, wasted no time in disclaiming responsibility for the situation. "While it is true that cows are being fed cheaper feed which does include constipatory agents,

we can't afford better feed. The bulk of quality feed budget goes for chicken feed since chickens and eggs play an important part in our country's Sabbath and festival meals."

And so, the problem is passed from one office to the next with no one willing to either accept responsibility or offer a solution. The problem is being overcome at the present time through the use of fertilizer stockpiled in kibbutz warehouses, but even the supply is dwindling and is not expected to last past the end of the year.

In a small, relatively unnoticed demonstration last week at the Dung Gate in Jerusalem, members of Kibbutzim where the fertilizer is stockpiled joined with the Israeli SPCA (Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals) to protest the current situation.

Spokesman for Kibbutz Ein-

Avodah, Missim Buzagio, stated that supplies of fertilizer stockpiled on his kibbutz have diminished rapidly and that no fresh supplies have come in for months.

SPCA spokeswoman Chaya Shulamit, said that "All the bureaucracy and political ping-pong would be laughable, if in the process it did not cause so much pain to the cows."

And so, the frustration goes on. The cows, the farmers, and the citizens of Israel await relief, but none is in sight. (It is only a matter of time before the cows become militant.) We trust that the government of Israel will make an attempt to take the manure out of the confines of the Ministry of Agriculture and put it back into the political arenas at large, where it belongs.

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I For An Eye For An Eye

As you know, our Torah stipulates capital punishment for crimes like murder, kidnapping, and not phoning parents. You also know that the Jewish courts of old almost never carried out the death penalty, while one which did would merit the label: "a murderous court." This ideal state, under Torah law, was truly a blend of justice and mercy. The death penalty was on the books — a deterrent — yet it generally stayed there — the humane thing to do.

But readers, do we live in a Torah state? Did our sages share subways with junkies and tunklers? Did our Rabbis of blessed memory have to fear for their lives because of neighbors who ate green banaas and had four first names?

Yes, we the editors would like to "renew our days as of old." Let us bring back a "murderous court" to New York City. Let us try judges like "let 'em loose" Bruce for criminal negligence. Let us insist on castration for first-time rapists and decapitation for repeaters of phrases like "dirty Jew" or "food stamps." Let us demand police escorts for the old, defenseless Jews who are forced to the ghettos, after a long drive on the throughway, to close stores and collect rents.

The last time we Jews pushed the authorities to execute the death penalty, we created one of the world's great religions. Religious survival for Jews, here in our beloved diaspora, depends on our political acumen. We urge our readers to support farsighted friends like Perry Duyurea, whose legal integrity bespeaks of traditions set forth in our Constitution, our Holy Scriptures, and the Ham-murabi Code.

Circumcision—Has The Times Bitten Off More Than It Can Chew?

The controversy raging in editorial circles in New York has reached firestorm proportions. The rapidly anti-semitic article against brit milah in the NYT was supposedly answered in the Jewish Week recently. But we think the issue can't be abandoned so cuttingly. It may be a small matter now, but it is certain to grow in the coming years. If brit milah is in danger now, what will be challenged next? The eruv? Sukkah? Heavy, sweet kiddush wine? Where will it end — with every vital ritual being subject to the whims of some frustrated, single lesbian apostate reporter who never knew the joy of not carrying on Shabbos! No-here and no further! We draw the line and say this to the hostile outside world around us: we will trim our sons, trim our beards, trim our s' chach and trim our wicks — but we will not confine our ways to simply the minhagim that are fit to print.



Letters to the Editor...

(Being a one-time issue it's difficult to ask for letters to the editor. If you have comments send them to: Chutzpa Enterprises, 166 W. 21st St. New York, N.Y. 10011. Who knows... Maybe we'll print a book called "Letters to Not the Jewish Press.")

Dear Editor:

Your editorial supporting Begin's "not one inch" policy shows a lack of sensitivity for the liberal reputations of we third generation American Jews who have never known persecution or deprivation and are therefore more qualified to run a Jewish State which we paid good money for... blah, blah, blah, and so on and so forth.

Thomas Mann
President's Council for the
Council of Presidents of
Major Jewish Councils

Dear Editor:

Can maybe a law be passed to make Manhattan off limits to Jews. More and more I am hearing stories of our young boys patronizing dirty seforim stores and twenty-five cent creep shows. You know they even have waiting rooms where WEVD is played until a booth is open. Anyway, its mamish a slander that yeshiva boys are taking off their yarmulkes at the drop of a hat.

Rebetzin Jimrice

Dear Sirs:

I would appreciate greatly a discontinuance on your part of news items regarding my past in Washington Heights, or Vashington D.C. for dat matter. You miskvoted my parents' objections to Nancy; zey didn't boycott ze vedding because I married a shiksa, but only because I married a shiksa on

shabbos. In the furth place, you're stuck with a grosse vance, a peanut-brained president and an African U.N. Ambassador who vould do a hora with Idi Amin. I hope now you appreciate me. By ze way Mrs. Meir A'S had never called me a "farshunkineh yecci," zat vas B.B. Rebozo. May peas be at hand in the Middle East.

His Excellency, Doktor Henry Kissing-her

Yes Sahs:

Your recent article "Urban Blight or the Black Plague" has a distinct undertone of racism. Perhaps "White Flight" should be renamed "Jew Skidoo." Jewish folk shouldn't be so quick to fly to 'de Island de very first time they see a black what ain't makin' a delibrey. Wasn't it a great American patriot who said "Don't fire till you see the eyes of the whites." So don't be so quick on the trigger, shvigger, and don't run away and leave us in no ghetto.

Rev. Ralph Abernatty
Grand Dragon, N.A.A.S.P.C.A.

To the People's Office of Letter Writing:

What you are saying in your Jewish People's Press about success absorption of Soviet immigrants? I searching up "absorption" in Russky dictionary and its saying all about sponging. We are being tried and sick of all the sponging and paying to texas. In momma Russky we never having to paying texas.

Gerundy Gerundovich
Brighton Beachky

QUERIES

by
Rabbi Noah Class

(Readers are invited to submit their questions related to Judaism. All entries must be typewritten, we don't guarantee printing anything (accurately) and cannot return originals which are recycled in the printing of this paper. We cannot and will not poskin halacha, so forget it.)

Q: In the interest of becoming a more observant Jew, I mean really from I wish to begin wearing a gartel. What is the prescribed method of trying it?

A: A generally accepted method is to wrap it several times around the waist. Then, slowly slip it up till it rests above the shoulder. Grasp both ends firmly and pull very, very tightly... please don't bother me with such shstuss again.

Q: How do we know that the Sabbath eve is referred to as mitzvah night?

A: The answer lies in the simple derivation from the scriptures. It states in the Torah "V'Shomru B'nai Yisroel et HaShabbat" (and the Jewish nation should keep the Sabbath). If we take the first letters (Roshei Tayvot) of "B'nai Yisroel et HaShabbat" we wind up with the word "Biyah" which refers to the sex act. (not bad, eh?).

Q: How do we know that you must eat "lechem mishna" or two rolls at the Sabbath meal?

A: Because it states quite clearly and obviously in "L'cha Dodi" — Bo-ie Challah — Bo-ie Challah. This brought up by Rav Chaim Stumer Z'l

A search for God

Q: What is G-d's address?

A: This question has been the center of a controversy for centuries among Jewish scholars. The Bimbam in his Moron Nevu'im (pg. xii) states quite clearly that G-d has a summer villa in Majorca and a winter chalet in San Moritz. He bases this opinion on picture postcards he received over the years.

On the other hand Hagaon Polonai ben Polonai cites the Bach (Birchai Doobee, 200:1) who says that G-d resides at the Ritz registered under the name of Julius Flinchner III (Rm. 3-d).

Another opinion is put forth in Gemara Beba Walters (14b) where it says, "It is permitted to tell your neighbor the location of your own dwelling-place, but the Lord is master over all and has an unlisted address. Rav Myron says, "It's not unlisted, only misplaced." Rav Myron was a fool.

The Kif says G-d's address is like wisps of smoke and as such, "He has many addresses and none at all." We are not quite sure what he meant.

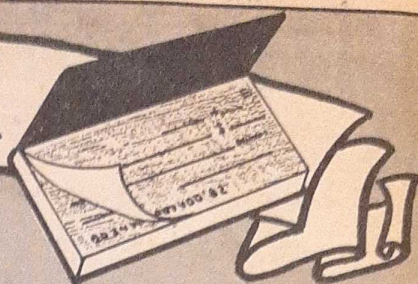
Our own crack team of responsa investigators left no stone unturned in their quest for the definitive reply to this query. Repeated phone calls to G-d only garnered us a taped message telling us to leave our name and number at the beep and He'd get back to us. He never did. At this point we are quite certain, based upon a box office number, that G-d is now calling Kiryat Shamayim (wherever that is) home. We will have more on this in future columns.

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Tales from our Sages....

by Rabbi Noah Class



A remarkable story is told of the sainted "Magid from Kronks" that bears repeating in this troubled time. After all, if we can't learn from old Polish people, from whom can we learn?

It seems that the Rebbe was walking in the forest one day while gathering roots for inventory (he had a small stall in the city market where he sold, or gave away roots) when he heard a very eerie voice call to him.



"Moishe, Moishe" said the voice. The Magid didn't move.

"Moishe, Moishe" called the voice again, this time impatiently. The Magid kept plucking roots, unmoved.

"Dost thou ignore a heavenly voice?" said the heavenly voice. "My name isn't Moishe, dray kopp, it's Shloime" answered Shloime.

"Picky, picky, picky," said the voice, "I have a mission for you."

"Make it snappy," answered the Rebbe reverentially, "I have lots of work to do."

"First take off your shoes," ordered the voice.

"Are you crazy? It's 40 degrees, the ground is soaked and full of sharp, pointy things and if I catch cold are you going to take care of my roots business, big shot? These shoes stay on these feet — so if you got something to say, say it."

"All right already, leave on the shoes," said the voice irritably, "but depart immediately for Gribbeness and inform the people there that a great plague is about to be visited upon them if they don't change their evil ways."

The rebbe was stunned. Gribbeness was over three weeks journey away and who would care for the root business? And what of Goldie, his beloved wife and his eight children whose names escaped him at the moment?

The Rebbe pondered for a moment and, addressing a nearby tree, said, "I'll go, but on two conditions. First, I want decent accommodations when I get there and second, make sure you let my wife know that I'll be away for a while. Okay?"

"Okay, Shloime — but from this moment on you shall be known as 'Moishe' because you drive such a hard bargain."

The Rebbe left the forest in a great hurry and as he came to the road he saw a cloud of dust approaching. It was a wagon with a load of truffles being driven at great speed by a large but comely woman who wielded a mean whip over the team of horses.

"Say, lady, are you heading for Gribbeness?" shouted the Rebbe.

"No, but I'll take you part way — hop on, I'm in a hurry"

Later that day, whilst stopping for a quick mincha by the side of the road, the strangely matched travelers decided to have a small snack to silence the pangs of hunger that were now gnawing at their vitals.



From the rebbe's sack appeared some roots which he tossed into a small salad verde. The wagon mistress contributed some tasty truffles and a lightly smoked salmon. The Rebbe had some wine he was saving for kiddush later that week and a crust of sourdough bread for a

motzi. The wine was reasonably good chenin blanc that could have used a bit more age but this was an emergency.

As the two weary travelers nibbled at the simple repast a voice whispered to Moishe: "Moishe, Moishe — don't forget your mission."

"I'm not forgetting — I'm hungry!" rasped the Rebbe.

"What aren't you forgetting, dear?" asked the wagon mistress whose name happened to be Blanchele.

"Oh, nothing, nothing — just talking to myself — go back to your nap."

"Come lie near me, and bring me the whip that's in the wagon."

The Rebbe hesitated — first the truffles and wine — now the whip. Were these symbols that had some hidden meaning he was not seeing? Was he blinded by the very mission he was to fulfill? No, he thought, truffles are truffles and a little whipping never hurt anybody as he hurried to do Blanchele's bidding.

Months later the people of Kronks learned that their revered Magid had opened a small, but good restaurant in Gribbeness and had named it "Blanchele's".



When told of the news the Magid's wife shrugged philosophically and said: "As long as he has his health."

What can we learn from this Tale of the Sages? Nothing. Who says every story has to teach? Can't a story just be cute? If you want a lesson, go to school.

Sales of the Mishnah and Gemorrah.

Moshe B'Sholom

Our great sages have always taught us the many levels of charity beginning with the lowest level which says both giver and receiver are known up to the highest level where no one knows about anything except a good job at a reasonable salary. This concept played a crucial role in the fascinating tale of a 17th century scholar named Reb Zalman Laydegayer. We can all learn from his example

It is More Blessed to Receive than Give

Reb Zalman lived in a small town in northern Silesia where the main business was production of haddassim and arovos for beating on the shul benches during Hoshanah Rabbah. Business was good until a blight all but destroyed that year's crop. Reb Zalman was a smalltime dealer whose capital was only several kopeks and when the blight struck he was penniless. He went to the main dealer in town to ask for a loan. And at this time the wisdom of the sages became apparent.

Charity is Nice, But Business is Business

The rich man greeted Reb Zalman and offered him some tea. The Rebbe



said: "No thank you, since I know you're offering me the tea and you know that I'm being offered the tea it would be a very low-level offer on our great sages scale so I must refuse!"

The rich dealer was so stunned by the Rebbe's insight that he immediately offered him credit of several thousand kopeks worth of haddassim that would be handled by an off-shore numbered account in Zurich where no one would know anyone involved. The rebbe once again declined

saying that he knew that they knew that he knew where the money was coming from and still it would not be a high enough level of charity. The rich man paused and pondered this problem. Then he spoke.

Im Ein Kemach, Ein Torah

For three hours the rebbe and the rich man worked out the complex details of a trans-Galician franchising operation of quick-service haddassim and arovos. The Rebbe would handle certain key markets on a sale and leaseback basis and the rich man would set up a blind trust in the Bahamas where only a dummy corporation would exist for tax purposes and distribution. The Rebbe would have gainful employment, the highest form of charity and the rich man would have a tax shelter with certain long-term advantages better left unstated.



A Woman of Valor is Hard To Find

Once the deal was signed, the rich man called for his daughter, Alexandra. When she entered the room the Rebbe was stunned at her beauty. Her eyes were like sunken pools of slivovits, her hair the color of new mown s'chach, her lips as rich as pirogen, and her legs! Her legs were as shapely as a freshly cut lulav. He must have this precious jewel for his own. "Hi, I'm Alexandra, the rich man's daughter, who are you?" she asked. Her voice was so delicate and rich that

the Rebbe was momentarily speechless. He stuttered out an answer: "Pleased to meet you, I'm an associate of your father's. Are you free after havdalah this coming shabbos?" "Sure, let's catch the late melavah malkah at the shteeble — and afterwards we can bless the new moon. See you!" And she left.

God Helps Those Who Help Themselves

The Rebbe left the rich man's house at once elated and puzzled. How would he explain all this to his wife of many years, Pessel Shaindel? Could a woman with no formal education comprehend the elegant complexity of this franchising operation? Could this simple mother of nine appreciate the tax ramifications of a blind trust? Could this pillar of the shul accept her husband's new girlfriend? "It's all in the talmud" said the rebbe to himself as he turned into the house of study. Quickly reaching for the precise volume he turned the pages as if possessed. Yes! There it was hidden in



the complicated exegesis on the subject of a maimed goat's value as a witness — "Im tirtzu, eyn zu agadah" — if you want it bad enough, it's no sweat! The Rebbe went home, told his wife that it would be a good sales year after all and dated Alexandra on the side for many years.

And as far as charity goes, it begins at home.

Exposing the Maters

EXCLUSIVE EXPOSE OF THE CURRENT BUSINESS OF MATCHMAKING

By SHERLOCK ZIVUS

Since the beginning of Jewish history, when Jacob was fixed up with one girl and wound up marrying another, have shadchonim preyed on the innocent, lonely and desperate quite often screwing up many lives.

Today, of course, shiduchim is big money. The loneliness has never been greater for orthodox youth. And the chances of meeting the "right one" have never been worse.

While many shadchonim are reliable and understanding, many operate on a less humane level than most computer dating services.

One such character is Moshe Rachmiel Shadchani also known as Mr. Mrs.

He works the disco scene regularly, approaching losers of either sex. One such victim was sitting on the sides when Shadchani spotted him.

The guy had spent \$125 on the John Travolta suit, \$25 on aftershave, \$50 on dance lessons etc. All very hip except for his unfortunate choice of headgear: a yarmulke unmistakably hand-embroidered by his mother. Not only did it break Travolta's cardinal rule by "touching the hair," but it also signaled to any smart Jewish girl that there sat an umbilical cord with an extra long extension.

"Hey, what's a good looking guy like you doing sitting over

here on the sidelines?" Shadchani asked, obviously building a deflated ego. "I can fix you up with the kind of girl you deserve."

The poor guy jumped at the chance, agreeing on a \$50 fee for 4 dates. As he watched Shadchani disappear through the crowd, you could see visions of a "frum" Donna Summer in his eyes.

Two minutes later, Shadchani was back with a girl. And what a woman! Tight lurex dress, musky perfume ... and a handkerchief pinned to her dress. Another loser. The next three dates each had some fatal loser touch. Disco lashes ... and a sheitel. A halter top with a Ship-n Shore blouse under it. And the last one who looked perfect but showed up with her father.

It seems that Shadchani has made a business of preying on orthodox youth who just miss disco perfection by a degree or so. While more scrupulous persons would give the client helpful hints on grooming thus making him or her more marriageable, Shadchani is content to collect endless fees from loser girls and loser boys. And he has no overhead because he doesn't even need a phone.

Another great crook in the business is Sadie Goldfarb. She's got a routine that'll curl your mother's sheitel. She knows that 90% of all professional

shiduchim won't work out, and that the average girl has to be fixed up some 10 times before she decides that "this is the right one."

So she's decided not to knock herself out trying to find guys with the girl's required characteristics, money, background and physical attributes. Instead she finds one guy who does match and saves him for shidduch date number ten. The other 9 have nothing in common with what the girl is looking for.

She takes \$150 up front for the ten dates (plus \$300 if you marry one) and manages to ask which of your requirements have highest priority and which lowest.

On the first date she finds a loser who is the opposite of your most important prerequisite. Someone so off target they might even be the wrong sex. With each succeeding date the thing the guy or girl is missing is less and less important; hence less and less offensive. So it seems like Sadie's getting warm.

And all the while, she's getting a fee per date from the clients; the biggest losers getting the most dates because they are the op-

posite of everyone's prerequisites. But they can't complain as Sadie says, "You can't say I neglect you; you're going out every week."

The third swindler is Judy Steinenmetzky ... and this one has the distinguishing quality of being a forger, too. Her racket is the most costly and obnoxious but she makes big bucks because of the unique service she provides.

Say, for example, you're an accountant making \$19,000 a year, you live in Washington Heights and your parents were born in Germany although you're a Yankee.

Say you also hate being clean and on time; some reaction to a mother who washed the dishes before supper, too or something.

Obviously, no yekke girl is going to be interested in you. If you say you'll pick her up at 8:00 and show up at 8:02, what do you think you're worth? Who do you think you are, Kaiser Wilhelm?

So you want a Hungarian girl. But what Hungarian girl would intermarry, and with a non-dochter to boot?

But — not to worry. Judy will make you Hungarian and a doc-

tor! Judy deals in forged passports and other documents. She can even get you a degree from the medical school of your choice — nameplate thrown in free. All of a sudden your parents will be the proud owners of Hungarian visas. She can even get a phony Con-Ed bill made out to your name and a Monsey address.

All these things cost a lot of money, from \$250 a passport and \$300 a medical degree and up. And she's not around when you're finally found out. So you've got to plan ahead when using Judy. But to some lonely people, she's worth it.

These are three of the least scrupulous shadchonim in the business and they deserve exposing. Next week we'll report on a Queens man who is using the shortage of earnest Yeshiva boys to his advantage. He's the guy who marries a girl off to a "kollel" boy who, while his wife and father-in-law are out working hard and supporting him, he's really home watching game shows and soap operas because he doesn't even know which side of the "g'mara" Rashi is on.

WHY ALL THE FUSS?
IT'S JUST A DATE!



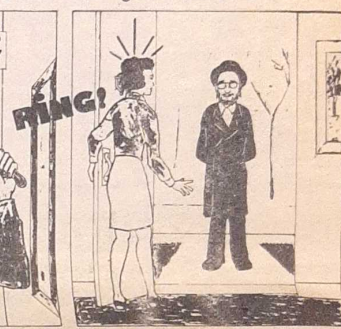
MR. O'BRIEN SET
ME UP ON A DATE.
HE'S INTELLIGENT
AND A SCHOLAR.
SHE SAYS THAT HE'S
A REALLY GREAT GUY.



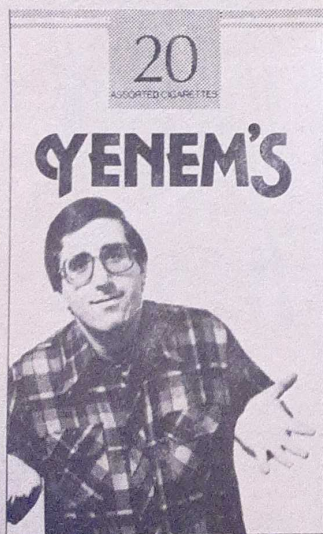
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A Torah Thought For PURIM

By
LEO (STRETCH)
GARTERBELT



"And the king loved Esther above all the women... so that he set the royal crown upon her head and made her queen instead of Vashti." (Megilas Esther 2:17). This possik (verse) raises many questions (shylos) about Esther's tzniut (modesty) and marriage (chatunah) to a sheygetz (creeping creature) and also about my use of parentheses. The ABARBARANN raises the question about Esther's intermarriage and quotes the COUSEY in his responsa:

"Surely Ahashverosh (then the SSSHH of Iran) converted sometime between the Miss Teen Persia contest and Bert Parks' coronation of Esther. From where do we learn this? What's to learn? Would Esther's uncle go around publicizing his own neice's wedding with a goy?"

Already filling his publisher's quota with material lifted from the COUSEY, the ABARBRANN continues to quote with more of

the non-seguiters that have endeared rabbinical gloss to generations of unemployed scholars:

"This reminds me of Rachel, who didn't convert a goyish husband, but at least stole idolatrous paraphernalia from her father. Laban complains in Bereshis 3:30: 'wherefore hast thou stolen my gods (elokai)?' But Rachel had only taken Teraphim (statues of deities venerated for less than 20 years). This comes to teach us that Rachel really went for the teen idols."

Back to our problem. Would Chazal (real rabbis, from before Reform and Conservative) allow Esther's or any marriage for pekuach nefeshot (why don't you look it up)? Not necessarily. My neighbor's son went ahead and married a shiksa even though I swore I'd kill him.

Next week: THE FALASHAS AND SHOESHINE PURIM.

Letters...

Continued from page 5

Dear Fellas:

I really really have to write you naughty people about your shoving homosexuality in the can. O.K., so Deuteronomy comes down on us (so to speak), but David and Jonathan didn't have a gay gizunte hate (get it)? Is it my fault that my sandik was too good?

P.S. Why don't you write up our Friday night services at the Gay Sin-Agog (cute?) where our Torah comes out of its closet and we welcome the Queens of Sabbath (mmmmph!)

P.S.S. What does it mean when one of those Hassid chaps has only his left earlock curled up or just the right tsitsis hanging out? Is he into gay in dret or gay shlophen? (Oh my goodness, I think I'll just die...)

Bruce Shofar
Christopher Street

Editors:

Gay cockin uffin yum.

Dear Editors:

Just the other day I accepted whom you'd call "yoshka pundra" into my heart, and became a band new born again Christian. You might say that I was born yesterday. Why am I writing to you for a subscription order? Because I love the Lord's chosen people with an endless love, and am eager to follow events in the Holy Land (where very soon only a third of you survive in the loving End of Days).

Ruth Carter Sappleton
Skiptonville, Ga.

Dear Editors:

I take it back, my whole book about the Jews deriving from Eastern European stock. What my research was apparently pointing at was the fact that the Satmirs (from the Hungarian town of Saint Mary) and other Hungarian Jews are nothing but a pack of Magyars. And who needed a book to tell you that? Their mass (and thus phoney) conversion in the 16th century is written up in The Jewish Encyclopedia, and any child could see that a Hun with blond hair and high cheekbones is no semite. Now my neighbor is a curly, black haired and longnosed semite, and, boy, I'd like to get into her genes.

Arthur Kessler
Author and Lecherer

Dear Editors:

Don't listen to a word this Kessler guy writes. He's the one who tried to prove that Hungarian is not a real language, but a repetition of variations of only five sounds: "ee, mee, gan, mag and yar."

Yarmag Ganeemee

Tuesday

Tuesday is the only day of the week to come just after Monday and right before Wednesday (except in a leap year).

Rabbis To Seek Bnai Noach

In response to a recent statement by the Reform movement that they will seek converts from "among the unchurched Gentiles," the Lubavitcher Rebbe *sh'lita* revealed today a bold and innovative plan.

Speaking through his representative, Rabbi Jacob Shprecht, the Rebbe issued the following statement, which was immediately relayed via microwave and telephone links to Lubavitcher outposts around the world:

"Maimonides teaches that we Jews are obligated to encourage the observance of the sheva mitzvos b'nei Noach among the Gentile nations whenever and wherever possible. It is therefore essential that we extend a hand to our less fortunate brothers. The difference between *taryag*, 613, and seven is 505, *t'roo*, true. It is this truth which we, b'nei Avrohom, the children of Abraham, must transmit to all b'nei Noach."

Rabbi Shprecht announced that the Rebbe had already sent teams of specially trained young chasidim to such places as Oyster Bay, L.I. and Cape Cod in B'nei Noach Arks. These motorized vans were outfitted with audio-visual rooms and stocked with reading matter selected by the Rebbe himself.

According to Rabbi Shprecht, the young men are instructed to approach passersby and inquire politely if they are b'nei Noach. Those who answer yes are invited into the b'nei Noach Ark for a brief discussion.

They are asked such questions as, "Have you not eaten a limb torn from a live animal today? Have you not committed adultery or not

shed blood?" Anyone responding in the negative is invited to not eat a limb torn from a live animal, for example, with the help of a chosid. He or she is offered various instructional pamphlets and may view a film on the seven mitzvos, "to each according to his own pace," added Rabbi Shprecht. "We start modestly, with only the seven mitzvos, and work up from there. The Talmud states that the violation of any of the seven mitzvos is a capital offense for a Gentile, so we consider this mission a matter of *pekuach nefesh*, life or death."

Rabbi Shprecht emphasized that this *shlichus*, or mission, on behalf of the Rebbe would not employ the coercive methods of the cults. "This effort is characterized by the same spirit of love and tolerance we show to our fellow Jews. If all the nations observed only the seven mitzvos, the world would be a better place." His voice took on an even more somber tone as he asserted that "we must not abandon them to the Reform movement."

In a related development, Rabbi Shlomo Norisk of Abraham Lincoln Square Synagogue on Manhattan's Upper West Side announced his congregation's plan to minister to non-Jews. During a telephone interview Rabbi Norisk explained that, initially, the program will concentrate on local college campuses, movie houses, bars, and other public places where young single Gentiles are known to meet. "As halachic Jews we have an obligation not to follow Jews but to the world at large, to be a light unto the nations." The program, to be called *Overreach*, will begin early next month.

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An institution of spiritual learning is dying! Without your immediate financial help this worthy school with overseas branches will surely perish. Yeshiva Zichron Jones has always opened its doors to the downtrodden, the castaways of our society, and has infused them with spirituality, and let them drink from the "Maayim Chayim."

Your donations are needed NOW!
Before its too late Please send all monies to "Ha'rav" Yosef — Guyana, South America

New Boro Park Fashion Craze

The latest look in Boro Park is clear to see. Goechka Brothers has come out with transparent plastic slipcovers that fit children of all ages and sizes. Boro Park parents have reacted enthusiastically to the new fashion, says Yankel

Goechka, sole owner of Goechka Brothers. "It pleases parents to have their children clean throughout the day," he says.

Special features include a zip-lock top and windshield wipers for inclement weather.

International Bus Route Established

TEL AVIV, Mar. 10 (JPA) — The Ministry of Transportation, in a joint statement with the New York City Metropolitan Transit Authority, announced today that the Bnei Brak — Boro Park bus would begin service on Sunday, April 8 on a

weekly basis. Fares will be subsidized, but all customs and immigration laws are to remain in effect. The bus will make only one stop between terminals at Queens Blvd and 63rd Drive in Rego Park. Exact change will be required.

MOUNT MUVESS



Cemetery Plots Mt. Muveess -
beautiful area overlooks
entire valley, stunning view
rentals available, low eviction rate.

Rebbe Tzena's Point of View

By Rebbe Tzena Altweis



More Thoughts for Behind the Green Mechtiz

As this is Purim, I would like to share with you some of the letters which I have received during the past year. The following examples are representative of the problems many of our people are facing in this age of women's liberation, men's temptation, and youth's aberration.

Dear Rebbe Tzena:

I am writing this letter to you in desperation. I have been reading your columns for years and I'm hoping you will be able to help me.

My husband and I sacrificed everything to give our son a proper Jewish education. We made sure he had the right friends and the right atmosphere. Even though he went to college, he continued learning twice a week. He is a nice-looking boy and until now was a perfect son.

A few months ago he started dating this girl. She is also a college graduate and supposedly very religious. So I asked, "What is she doing now to fill up her time until she gets married?" I was expecting to hear that she was a speech therapist or a computer programmer. But no, that isn't the case. My son confessed that awful truth — she is studying to become a rabbi.

What should I do? How can I tell my family and friends that my future daughter-in-law is going to be a Rabbi, and with a sheitel no less?

Please help me.

Sincerely,
Mrs. O. Vey

Dear Mrs. O. Vey:

I really don't fully understand what your problem is. I have been a Rebbe for years and my husband is very proud of my efforts on behalf of Torah and klal Yisroel. As long as your future daughter-in-law wears a "sheitel" (preferably blond) and covers herself modestly (long eyelashes and lots of makeup) her

ordination is perfectly kosher. Wishing you much nachas from your family.

Sincerely,
Tzena

Dear Rebbe Tzena Altweis:

My problem is perhaps very common. I have lost communication with my son. I have a great fear that he has become a Moonie convert, how can I be certain?

Signed,
Uncertain

Dear Uncertain:

There are many significant clues in your son's habits which can give you an idea as to whether he is or is not a Moonie. One foolproof method would be to observe him as he leaves the house at night. If you find that he says "Kiddush Levana" every night then you know. If he shaves his head and goes around the streets chanting then you will know that he is a really a loonie.

Dear Rebbe Tzena Altweis:

I have lost all my social grips and this disturbs me plenty, because I cannot greet anyone on Shabbat and shake their hands.

Signed,

Limp and Listless

Attention readers, the above problem is from a stupid! This person who writes is a "Letz" and just wants to see his words in print. For this, I hope that 500 holy birds deliver him "manna" on his windshield. I shall not tolerate such trivial problems in my column, unless of course another week goes by and I do not receive any mail. One week the mail was so slow I had to go to an auction to purchase some used "Dear Abby" letters. In order for this column to be a success, I need some real shleppers with real juicy tsuris to spice it up. So if you have big problems, e.g. suicide, spirituality, conversion, murder, batloones or hemorrhoids, write to me in this column and I will either help solve the problem or let you figure it out for yourself.

Baruch of Williamsburg

909 13th Avenue

The look of the beautiful Yeshivah Bochur



the "Shloime look"



"the Mayer"



"Chochom"



the true "Lamed-Vovnik"

SHEYNA SHEYTLACH

You'll be proud to walk the avenue with your hair shaved off and one of our sheytlach on.

You'll look as

PRETTY AS A SHIKSA

In A Sheyna Sheytle

only your mikvah lady will know for sure

OUT OF SHAPE FOR THE COMING WEEKEND? JOIN

ELAINE SHOWERS

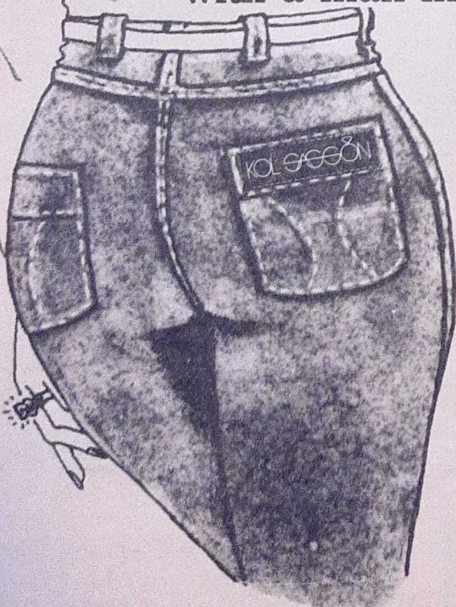
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talk to us about your special needs we specialize in physical therapy.



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Introduces to the states their new line of fishnet, button-down tsitsiot

Available now at:
KARTACKY's DRY GOODS
on the avenue

There's a divinity that shapes our ends
Hamlet, V, ii, 10

We are pleased to announce that

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DE VIBEL'S PAGE

by Lilac Class

GET YOUR GOTTKEHS OUT



Spring Salutes the Return of Gottkeh Pink.

Formerly a color that only appeared behind closed doors and in mikvahs, "Gottkeh Pink" is turning up on more than thighs lately.

The craze started when the movie, "Superman" opened on Avenue J. In the days that followed, every collech moid was seen wearing gottkehs over instead of under her clothes. A sort of "Supermold" effect. And about time we all got our gottkehs out for an airing.

So attractive is the new fashion to the opposite sex, that one young man was heard to exclaim (while burning a pile of girlie magazines) "Don't think pink, think gottkehs!"

Don't miss the new make-up shades called "Moonlight and Gottkehs." Very daring on the unmarried.

Sheitel - Natural?

In answer to a reader's question on which hairspray gives sheitels a more natural look:

Sweetheart, the beauty of a sheitel lies in its very sheitelness. Aim for a sort of bouffant homburg effect. Remember the sheitel is first cousin to the hat and only related by marriage to the hair.

I suggest you try a new sheitel spray from Israel called E-pox-ee. It gives a truly devout look.

Mikvah Magic

Someone finally came out with the product Jewish women have been waiting for: scented, flavored Mikvah Bath Oils. Sold under the brand name Uncleanomore, they come in 4 flavors: Lek-var, Pitchah, the ever-popular Gefilte Fish and for those nights of consummate passion, Chrain! Some like it hot, eh?

CIRCLE

FASHION



The Kosher Gourmand "The Friday Night Feast"

It's time for us to get back to basics. So much has been written about "Kosher French" style of late that it's about time we admitted what we've known all along: we like heavy, overdone food and we're sick and tired of these fancy schmancy recipes that "liberated" yentes are trying to foist on us. So, girls, here's some really good info that will keep that "mensch" of yours happy as a clam-ops! Kneidle.

Menu: Cake Masters challah from the freezer — they'll never know.

Salade Limpe — avec chopped liver: make sure the ball of chopped liver sits squarely in the middle of the piece of limp iceberg lettuce that has been sitting on the table for a while.

Chicken soup with matzoh balls: a classic treat good for what ails you but only if the specific gravity of the 'kneidle' falls somewhere between lead and plutonium.

Pot roast must be done to a turn, dried and left on the blech for at least two hours to insure no juices remain in or around the meat. Probe to check — then pour off.

Noodle pudding, mashed potatoes and Kasha — at least three starches

must be served along with the challah — this is a clarly stated "minhag" that is ignored only at great peril.

A green vegetable thoroughly steamed and bereft of any taste is a must. A sauna of 'schvitz' is a good place in which to prepare this key part of the meal.

Appropriate wine must be served — an extra heavy, sugar-added New York State malaga is always a nice complement to any meal. Mogan David, Manischewitz and Schapiros are nice try and get a late 1977 if possible. Serve in yahrzeit glasses for that little extra touch of elegance. Star brand is nice.

Canned peaches in heavy syrup or canned prunes are good desserts. Avoid fresh fruits like you'd avoid a Big Mac.

With the tea essence prepared earlier and the Realemon standing by, serve your cake proudly, a good, dense honey cake lends that je ne sais quois to any meal and the Bartons box should be bought out about now. The meal may be as good as anything you've ever tasted but you could ruin it all if you fail to follow this last "caveat": go directly from the table and lie down — either on the couch or your own bed. Give your system a chance to savor all you've ingested. And remember, tomorrow is chulent day.

THE EFFECT OF JEWISH WOMEN ON HISTORY by Channah Hitbalabelah



In a recent poll of our readers, this question was asked: Name a Jewish woman besides Golda Meir, who has had a great impact on contemporary Jewish history.

89% answered "I don't know," and the other 11% replied "Eydie Gorme."

In the past, this column has endeavored to educate our readers about the deeds of Jewish women like Emma Goldman and Gertrude Stein. But by their answers to our poll our readers have pointed out to us the true importance of Jewish women.

And this is it, put simply, Jewish women have had a great effect on Jewish history by giving birth to Jewish men who have had a great effect on Jewish history.

When you think about it, Jewish women have not only had a great effect on Jewish history through their sons, but have also determined whether the history created by these boys is Jewish or not.

Let's fact it, any man can go out

and influence history. And any woman can give birth to a man who goes out and influences history. But only a Jewish woman can give birth to a Jewish man. And since only Jewish men have any effect on Jewish history, all Jewish history has been totally determined by Jewish women.

Before a man can become a great Jew he needs a mother who can make him Jewish in the first place. This is what is meant by "behind every great man is a great woman."

Think of how history might be changed if Menachem Begin's mother had been a Bushmen. Or a nun. What if Sadat's mother had been Jewish? It fairly boggles the mind.

Just think of the great effect Jewish women have had on history. Their bodies alone possess the uncanny ability to process whatever enters the womb and make it come out Jewish. We salute their achievements.

NEXT WEEK: WHAT HAPPENS WHEN IT'S A GIRL?

RECIPE CIRCLE



THE STORIES OF RING SOLOMON

by Feelman & Spine

ONCE UPON A TIME A KOLLEL BOY WAS TO MARRY A BEAUTIFUL JEWISH PRINCESS FROM BORO PARK.

I LOVE YOU!

BUT BEFORE HE COULD WIN HER HAND HE HAD TO PROVE HIS WORTH TO HER FATHER.

MU... LET'S SEE YOUR NET ASSETS.

BUT THE POOR KOLLEL BOY KNEW HIS PART-TIME JOB WASN'T ENOUGH.

WHAT AM I TO DO - IM JUST A PART-TIME YESHIVA RABBI, I CAN'T SUPPORT A PRINCESS!?!?

WHY NOT GO SEE THE GREAT RING SOLOMON? IT IS SAID THAT HE HAS VAST WISDOM IN MATTERS OF FINANCE.

I SHOULD'VE GRABBED THAT LAWYER!

SO THE KOLLEL BOY TOOK THE LONG TREACHEROUS JOURNEY FROM BORO PARK TO THE DIAMOND DISTRICT.

EXCUSE ME SIR, IS THIS THE IND TO 47TH STREET?

WATS DAT HONKEY?!?

WOW! THIS MUST BE THE PLACE, JUST LOOK AT ALL THESE PIOUS JEWS, MORE THAN AT ANY SHUL!!!

GLATT DIAMONDS

OH, MOST WISE ONE. I HAVE JOURNEYED VERY FAR TO...

RING SOLOMON DIAMONDS

FREE APPRAISALS

PLEASE! I'M IN THE MIDDLE OF A MAJOR DECISION MY SON!

WILL RING SOLOMON HELP HIM? HOW WILL HE INCREASE HIS NET WORTH? WILL HE TAKE THE BOY INTO THE BUSINESS?

(TO BE CONTINUED...)

TALES OF THE GABERDINE

by Feelman & Spine

Once upon a time there was a poor tailor - Calmen Klein - with but a single roll of black double-knit polyester.

The roll sat there day after day but no one seemed too interested in a black double-knit suit.

Unbeknownst to the tailor

Miraculously, that night the roll transformed into a beautiful, authentic gaberdine.

The very next day, a very wealthy man came into the shop of the poor tailor and asked to see his best, most costly gaberdine.

Unaware of the great miracle, the poor tailor sadly went to his storage room where to his great surprise he discovered the gaberdine, which he quickly brought out.

"This is exquisite" exclaimed the rich man as he took out two large bags of gold. The poor tailor was now rich.

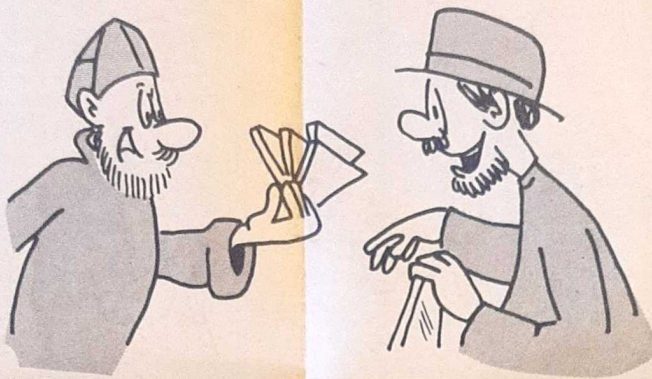
But the next day the wealthy man returned saying that the gaberdine was shabby and demanded back all the gold.

Broken by this turn of events the tailor shaved his beard, took off his hat, changed his name to Calvin and ran off to Paris where he became a hot-shot designer.

CHUTZPA SUCCEEDS WHERE TALENT FAILS

The little Chelm section of Brooklyn was known throughout the world as a place where not many brilliant people lived. After Pizza and pimple cream, the biggest industry was shnorrng. Nonetheless, when President Gerald Faird sought re-election, his motorcade drove past the heart of Chelm on its way to Bay Ridge.

Now there lived on the avenue a poor but industrious young printer named Pirchik. Pirchik the printer could be seen from dawn till dusk trying to sell his specialty, charity receipts, to all the shnorrers who thronged past his shop. He would stop the old shnorrers in the black bathrobes and say, "Please Reb Yid, couldn't you use some crisp new receipts to give your patrons."

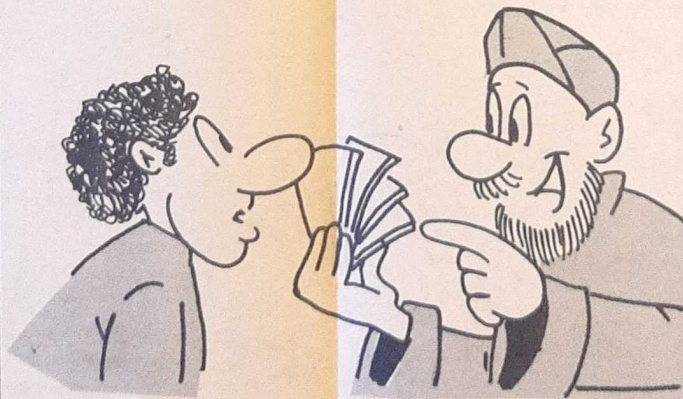


"We've already got receipts," they'd reply, "from the same place we had this charity letter printed up and sealed in plastic."

Pirchik would stop the little children with the two curly strands of hair and say, "My precious ones, couldn't you use some crisp new receipts for the people you constantly hound."

"Get bent," they'd reply, "we don't need any . . . if we don't get their spare change, we don't stop shaking these loud canisters. Besides, why don't you print raffle tickets like everybody else."

But poor Pirchik couldn't change type, and so he continued to print receipts. One day, all of Chelm was excited about Faird's abovementioned motorcade. Pirchik the printer got a stroke of genius. He explained to the President's advance men that the people of Chelm would all expect receipts for their handshakes. On top of this, Pirchik won a fat government contract for swine flu vaccine receipts.



Faird lost the election, but Pirchik married into the Meal Martyr chain and made a killing in glatt kosher spring water.

NEW TALES OF RABBI AKIBA

by Feelman & Spine

Page 13 • Not The Jewish Press • Week of Purim 1979

RABBI AKIVA WAS KNOWN FAR AND WIDE FOR HIS INCREDIBLY ASTUTE SOLUTIONS TO HARD QUESTIONS...



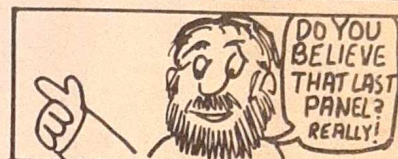
LITTLE DID THE SAINTED RABBI KNOW THAT HE WOULD FACE THE MOST DIFFICULT TASK OF HIS LIFE THAT DAY!



WHEN THE RABBI ARRIVED AT THE SHUL HE WAS CONFRONTED WITH A SIGHT THAT CHILLED HIS VENERABLE BONES - TWO GROWN MEN BOTH CLUTCHING A LARGE, WELL-DONE SEED RYE BREAD - EACH CLAIMING THE LOAF FOR HIS OWN!



AT THIS JUNCTURE, RABBI AKIVA SEIZED THE LOAF OF WELL-DONE, SEED RYE AND GAVE IT TO THE MAN WHO HAD REFUSED TO HAVE IT MERCILESSLY CUT...

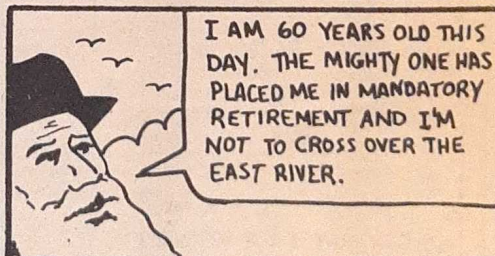
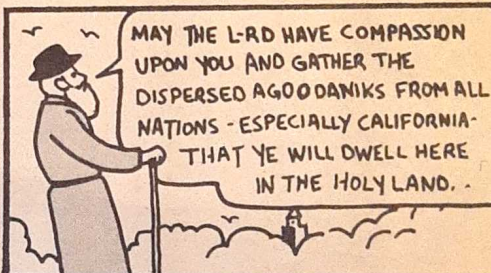


AS THINGS TURNED OUT, THE BREAD REALLY DID BELONG TO THE MAN WHO WANTED IT SLICED! HE PRODUCED A RECEIPT, TOOK THE BREAD HOME, PUT SOME NICE LOX AND CHEESE ON IT AND ATE IT UP. SO WHO'S PERFECT?

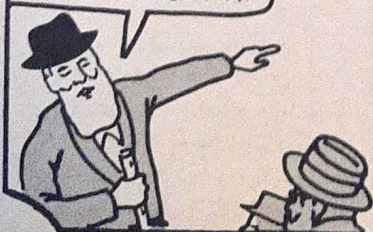
THE BIRTH OF AGOODATH ISRAEL

by Feelman & Spine

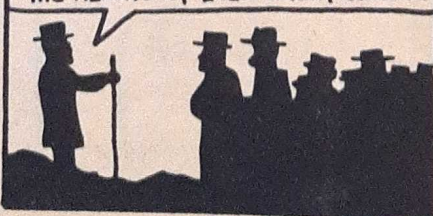
SEE I HAVE BROUGHT YOU THIS DAY FROM THE DEATH AND EVIL AND HIGH TAXES OF ISRAEL TO THE GOOD COMFORTABLE LIFE OF BROOKLYN, THAT YOU MIGHT BETTER SERVE THE L-RD YOUR G-D AND THAT GLATT CATERERS MAY BETTER SERVE YOU.



THE LORD SHALL BRING YOU INTO THE DIAMOND DISTRICT THAT YOUR FATHERS POSSESSED AND YOU SHALL REPOSSESS IT.



...AND YOU SHALL MULTIPLY AND BE SO POWERFUL THAT THE VERY MENTION OF THE NAME "AGOODATH ISRAEL" SHALL STRIKE AWE AND FEAR IN THE HEARTS OF EVEN GREAT LEADERS.



...AND CAN ANYBODY GET ME A CAMERA WHOLESAL?



WASP REVIEW

By Ima Bejesus Songster

(Editor's note: In response to frequent criticism that the fiction pages of a certain, traditionally ethnic, local weekly have been monopolized by a certain "Yid Nobel" and his cronies, we have decided to provide a forum to traditionally Anglo-Saxon authors. To unruffle some feathers we felt it our duty to even the score and publish representative gentile fiction. Here is one of the most outstanding examples we could find. The calibre of this literary genre speaks for itself.)

New York,

sometime between 1952 and the present.

I knew where to find Jarrold.

His usual table was in a drafty corner of the Remington Room in the depths of "21."

As I expected, there he was under that boar's head that bears an unwholesome resemblance to our Latin tutor at Andover.

Jarrold was stealthily attempting to remove the onion from his Gibson without Pierce, the headwaiter, noticing. "Hi-ho Jarrold!" I exclaimed.

Vodka and ice cubes leapt from his crystal tumbler in a small spray. He tried to wipe his thumb and forefinger on the vest of his gray flannel Brooks Brothers suit with the tasteful pale gray pin stripes as inconspicuously as possible. His napkin, I noticed, was in a little heap under the table, clenched between the heels of his Gucci skip-ons. He moved his locked knees up and down a few times in a fruitless attempt to retrieve it. I detected a slight tear in his eye from

what must have a superhuman effort to maintain his composure. His best and oldest school chum, I approached slowly, letting his awkwardness go unacknowledged.

"Ah, Randy. Sit down, sit down," he said lethargically.

Jarrold had relied on me for advice in tough scrapes ever since we were ten, when his father was out of town, harvesting the Brizilian rain forests, and Jarrold, alone in a drafty summer cottage in Newport with his nanny and Sedgewick the surly Doberman, had sold his string of polo ponies to Vito of Vito's Dog Treats and Glue Laboratories, Inc. for pocket money. Later, filled with remorse, he looked to me for reassurance that the ponies really had been sent to the farm in the country which Vito's beefy assistant, Wellington, had described.

After I nodded, "the usual" to Bentley, my waiter since '58 Jarrold spun a tale for me the likes of which would prove to sully my enjoyment of Ivy League football for seasons to come.

Jarrold, or Jarrold as friends called him, had made a deal with a shady character by the name of Vito, as it turned out — one and the same Vito of Vito's Dog Treats.

It seems a tragedy had befallen Jarrold's family the year before. Jarrold Jr. had enrolled as a freshman at the University of Oklahoma.

"Bohunk U.," mumbled Jarrold over his ever more frequent Gibsons.

And to make matters worse, Jarrold Jr. was becoming an all-star freshmen half-back with write-ups in Sports Illustrated. Jarrold couldn't face the tragedy alone. He turned to Vito of Vito's Dog Treats for assistance.

As I speared a coquille St. Jacques prepared as only Raymond knows how, Jarrold unfolded his sad story.

Vito, the only gentleman of the Italian persuasion that Jarrold had ever met, was

a member of the Sino-Negro-Jewish Mafia. He had promised Jarrold that, in exchange for being the donor of an undisclosed organ, he would make Jarrold Jr. Yale's starting halfback in the Harvard Classic.

The nightmare that was to ensue would turn Ivy League history upside down, so to speak, not to mention a certain contractual inconvenience in the Vito Scalpini Organ Bank.
(cont. tomorrow)

MY JEWISH COLORING BOOK

Throughout the ages world leaders have kept up with the important literary masterpieces of their time. (This picture is suitable for framing.)

CAN YOU COLOR THIS?



CHEVRA & YENTERTAINMENT

By I.M. Fishedoff



I spoke to Jack Benny last week and he told me that negotiations for a "Sunshine Boys" television series with Jack in Walter Matthau's role playing opposite George Burns had totally fallen through. Seems no producer wanted to bankroll the production because of the risk that George could die at any minute. While in Hollywood last night I had dinner with Groucho Marx and he said that the Marx Brothers may attempt a comeback for nostalgia buffs. Rumors that a movie was going to be made with famous actresses and their parents playing themselves, is false. The script, which Rod Serling completed just last month, was to have starred Liza Minnelli and her mother, Judy Garland, Candice and Edgar Bergen and Geraldine and Charlie Chaplin. Charlie and Judy both told me to scotch the rumor, so when you don't see the movie, remember you heard about it here first, from me.

What's Happening

Jewish entertainer Sammy Davis Jr., was the guest speaker at the Annual "Mishnayos Baal Peh Melaveh Malke of Beverly Hills." The crowd responded warmly to him. "I just love to be 'Melaveh' Malke," he said. "or for that matter I like to be 'melaveh' Sara. Rivkah or any other 'ballabatisha' girl."

Man-o-ma-ashevitz — that's no crime! The audience in turn, turned on him and made him feel right at home preparing a special "seuda" in his honor. Gefilte fish and Grits.

Speaking of bringing up — a new restaurant just opened for people who want to enjoy good heavy kosher food, but don't want to gain weight; it's called "Ess and Brech."

Television station N.B.C. recently made a survey and found that certain areas have a very low number of Jewish viewers, notably — Williamsburg, New Square, and sections of Boro Park. In an effort to build up a new following and encourage Jewish Viewer loyalty they have renamed several shows:

1. McHales Naavi.
2. Edge of Night — "Sof Z'man Mincha"
3. Three's Company — But Seven Short of a Minyan
4. Eight is Enough — By the Reform

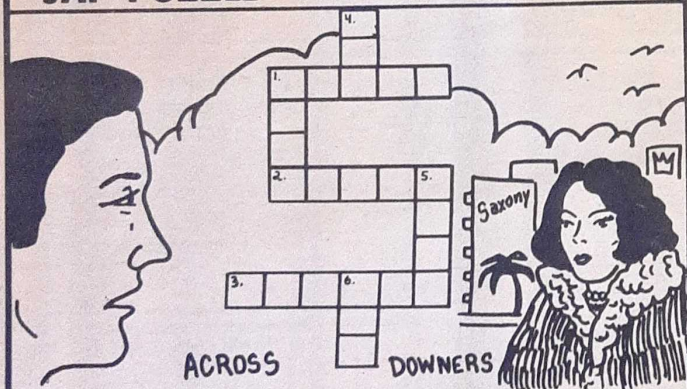
Joke of the Week

The new Pope was thinking about making a trip to visit Israel. He phoned his travel agent to find out how long it would take to get from Rome to Tel Aviv. "Just a minute!" said the agent. "thanks" said the Pope and then hung up.

JAP PUZZLE

\$686.

by Spoilher and Whine



ACROSS

1. TO SHOW YOUR LOVE, YOU SHALL SPEND MUCH. "SAID SHE."
2. IF THERE BE ONLY ONE IN THE DIAMOND RING, FORGET IT.
3. BEFORE EACH DATE SHE WILL SPEND MANY HOURS APPLYING HER.

DOWNERS

1. SO THAT SHE REMAINS WARM, YOU MUST COVER HER IN.
4. SHE ANNOINTS IN OILS & USES MUCH COLORING THAT SHE MIGHT APPEAR WITH A DARK.
5. EACH WINTER YOU MUST DEPART WITH HER ON A LENGTHY, COSTLY DOWN TO THE HOLY SOUTH.
6. THE UNRESTRAINABLE FORCE OF HER VAST TRIP IS ONLY MATCHED BY HER SELF-INDULGENCE.

PUZZLE ANSWER \$685.

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ANSWER NOW
PAY LATER

© HOWDY & SPOILHER 1979

Not The Jewish Press Profile

By SAM and NAHAMA COLON

**Chaim Youlikem,
America's most active
mashgiach rabbi**

Nahama and I were ushered in to Dr. Youlikem's office on Central Park West and 67th Street. He greeted us in his customary outgoing manner and indicated we could have all the time we needed to conduct our interview, then he offered us Twinkies and Dr. Pepper blessed by his own hands.

"My biggest worry was pictures of people on the boxes. Ladies with babies aren't so bad. Except for the Ivory Soap lady, the one in those movies, you know ... But at least it's soap. What really bugs me is these so called mnemonic devices, like the White Knight, the Green Giant and the worst, that fat Quaker. He makes me lose sleep, that's what."

Rabbi Youlikem went on to explain that these characters could possibly be construed as pagan images, icons, in a word, gods. He cited examples of children and housewives intoning supplications to their craven images in pantries all over America.

"Charlie the Tuna, him I can live with," Rabbi Youlikem fondly recalled his close personal friend, Morris the Cat, "Not many people realize this, but Morris was Jewish — Kosher in fact." The rabbi was one of the pall bearers at the funeral of this illustrious cat. "We'll miss that old feline, so few care about the dietary laws these days. And he had a great sense of humor." Returning to the problem of the Quaker on the oatmeal box, Dr. Youlikem recommends, "if you must use one of these packages, you should Magic Marker a small rectangle over the Quaker's eyes. That'll do the job. Then what's Kosher inside will also be Kosher outside."

Just how extensive is Chaim Youlikem's jurisdiction? "I figure my staff and I knock off some 50 million gallons of Dr. Pepper yearly, 400,000 pounds of Light 'n Lively cottage cheese, 27 million or so Mallowmars, 38 million Swanson Hungry Man Dinners and a multitude of potato chips, Mystic Mints, and you name it. The most demanding assignment was the potato chips.

To this day I can't decide whether to bless each one individually or all of them together. At least they're made right."

Rabbi Youlikem's even got a favorite canned vegetable. "There's something so satisfying about garbanzo beans. It's emotional, very hard to explain." That's the kind of personal experience that makes the job worthwhile, interjected Nahama, munching on her third Devil Dog.

Personal involvement is, indeed, the name of the game in this business. Wherever there's a Daitech or Dagastino's, a Pioneer or an A&P, Dr. Youlikem and his band of rabbis will be there scrutinizing every Dong Dong, Velveta and English Muffin, helping to keep America Kosher, in spite of itself. Before Nahama and I left, we had one last parting question, why did Rabbi Youlikem choose his particular calling, why didn't he become a mohel, for instance?

Dr. Youlikem smiled thoughtfully and said, "Other kids were out playing I would sit in my grandmother's pantry for hours every day, blessing her Knishes. It was just a calling I guess." With that and a handful of Reggie Bars, Dr. Chaim Youlikem bid us farewell.

(See Hamlet). Wishing you Mazel Tov and a True Home In Israel.
Dr. Mundane

Dear Dr. Mundane:

I teach second grade at a small local Yeshiva. I enjoy teaching and I am fond of all my students. However, I recently fell in love with Berel Alter who sits next to Shimson Lev. Berel is very mature for seven yearold, and he grows a little every day.

In class Berel excels. His addition and subtraction really turn me on, especially when he wears his green velour shirt. I kvell when Berel recites the Pledge of Allegiance. At Show and Tell, Berel absolutely shines. We share the same interests, including chewing gum, John Travolta, and baseball cards.

Berel always comes up to my desk to ask questions and I know that the feeling is mutual from the way Berel drools on my papers.

The other students and my principal suspect that something is going on between Berel Alter and me. I think it is time to talk to Berel's parents.

When should I approach Mrs. Berel about this shidduch? Is Open School Nite appropriate? Or should I wait until the class trip to the zoo? Berel and I have found true love with one another.

Signed,
A.K. Teacher

Not The Jewish Press Sports

By MORRIS AIYIN

BASKETBALL - The Fighting Jewish of Ramas lost a cliffhanger to the Mighty Liers of NTA. Ramas seemed to have the game at hand, but late in the third quarter they ran into deep fowl trouble. They couldn't adjust to the slippery floor surface caused by hundreds of pigeons roosting overhead in the 7 ft. high gym. NTA, playing with galoshes and shooting only line drives, remained in the cellar (literally) but continued to be undefeated at home.

In the bigs, it was the MJEC Japs edging out the Suffolk Hebrew Academy of the Fifteen Towns in a thriller. The SHAFT defender Harry Upperlip let down his guard (and coach) to say "amen." The ball (and the JEC coach) banked in and the Japs were off to the showers, the league championship, and Moishe Peking.

YESHIVA U. CORNER - Y.U. was on the lam all week, not only

criticizing their president for lack of financial support, but also insisting on relaxation of the dress code imposed upon their Stern College cheerleaders. In other losing court battles this week, Y.U. was handcuffed by John Jay and nailed by Holy Cross. They did, however, upset nationally ranked Providence College. It was the second time this season that P.C. got upset by an opposing team's not showing up.

RESORT SPORTS - The latest Gross Singles weekend sponsored by the Old Israel of the West Side. Marcia Shotmayer won the much coveted ping pong championship. Everyone except Marcia was exhilarated since she struck out at the other indoor sports.

In the coed basketball game Nick Giah and Mick Chitza fouled out while Fruma Maidel kept scoring but was virtually untouched.

Dear A.K.:

Older women have been attracted to younger men throughout history. Even in our own heritage this phenomenon is not uncommon. There is no denying the love of Pharaoh's daughter for young Moses; Delilah gave Samson his first haircut; Rachel married Rabbi Akiva who then went to first grade. Yet timing is an all important factor in these relationships. Ask yourself these questions: Will Berel still do all his homework after you are married? How will you grade his report card? And how will he help with the dishes — you say he is growing every day, but is he able to reach the kitchen sink? Will it be difficult for the two of you to find like-minded couples with whom to be friendly?

Husbands and wives are often

involved in shared preoccupations, but one must weigh the positive and negative effects carefully.

In your case it would be wise to wait until Berel is promoted to third grade. This would eliminate class-home conflicts, prevalent in young marriages. Berel will be a year older and more developed and mature when he is in third grade, and he will be able to help with shopping since decimals will be taught in third grade as well. I am sure you have waited a long time before having found the right partner; a little while longer should not prove too much of a strain for a righteous and capable person like yourself. Berel, too, will be glad and appreciate that your love for him is tempered with patience and good judgement.

New RAA Ruling

NY (NJTA) The Rabbinical Association of America, the central coordinating body associated with the Conservative movement, has passed a resolution deeming it permissible for worshippers in synagogues under its auspices to doven with "cavanah."

During the annual convention held this week at the Concord Hotel, members of the RAA Halacha Committee debated the issue for almost seven hours before deciding to vote in favor of "devotional worship (sprinkled with G-dly thoughts and a continuing reevaluation of the Jews' place in history," said Rabbi Ira Spine, spokesman for the group.

After agreeing to doven with cavanah (religious intention), the Halacha Committee spent nearly the next two days of the convention resolving a second issue closely related to the one already resolved. That being: To Whom? Proponents of the schools of documentary hypothesis found themselves split into several factions, with only the Subcommittee on Ecumenical Interchurch Cooperation coming to any sort of conclusion, and one a minor point of halacha at that. Citing Rachel's

famous comment, "Thy people shall be my People," the Subcommittee suggested that the modern Jew owing some allegiance to Evangelical groups who are joining them in lobbying efforts in Washington, D.C. for Israel, should omit the prayer "Shalo Asani Goy" (that I was not created a goy) from the traditional morning prayer in deference to Christian sensibilities. It is interesting to note that despite any changes in form or content of prayer, each group was willing to acquiesce to the fact that the Almighty, the G-d of Israel, should be offered His due. On the final day of the convention a Rabbi wishing to be known as "R" formed a unity coalition with the promise to "patch up" all remaining differences.

After the necessary quorum voted on an acceptable definition of the Almighty, it was agreed in a third resolution of the august body, to present G-d with an honorary doctorate at the upcoming graduation exercises of the Jewish Theological Seminary in recognition of his over forty years of service to the pulpit. When asked where the invitation would be sent Rabbi Spine remarked, with characteristic expansiveness, "No comment."

PROBLEMS IN INHUMAN NOTIONS

By
DR. MORELESS MUNDANE



Dear Dr. Mundane:

I am a desirable, attractive 48 year old woman. One day, I was walking along the woods, when I saw this frog. He informed me that he was really a Talmud Chochom who needed to be kissed in order to be restored. Upon kissing him, the frog indeed was transformed into a Talmud Chochom. However, after becoming acquainted with the local Yeshiva, he admits that he prefers being a frog, and he wants me to marry him and live in the local pond as a frog and wife. My mother has her doubts as to his sincerity. Somehow she feels that a frog as a son in law would cause embarrassment to the family name. I myself am not sure how it would be to live as a frog, but I want to do the proper Jewish thing.

Signed,
Concerned about
changing her spots

Dear Concerned:

In every marriage, one must make compromises. As said by Rabbi Akiva's wife Rachel, "So he's not an average stay-at-home choson." There's always the Late Show on TV. We tend to demand instant gratification without realizing the need to work on relationships. At this point in your life, sitting on a lily next to your husband may not seem like the ideal pad. However, let us take the long term view. What greater satisfaction can one have than helping to create a kosher home, bringing forth Torah-true tadpoles in leaps and bounds. You must make sure, of course, that your husband takes time off from catching flies to be "Kovaya Z'man" for Learning. As to your mother, while "Honor Thy Mother and Father" is an important precept. "To Thine Own Self Be True" takes precedence.

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ENGAGEMENTS

Mazel Tov and best wishes to Mr. and Mrs. Hyman Frulmach on the engagement of their daughter Fabbiseneh to Shmuel Kasha of Boro Park. The kallah is a graduate of the Shmelke B. and Sura L. Greenklang school for girls of limited skills in Flatbush. The Choson is a musmach of a private yeshiva downtown and plans to work for his father-in-law in the diamond business. May both families see much nachas from the boom in gem stones.

Hearty best wishes and mazel tov to Mr. & Mrs. Bernard 'Beryl' Koontz and Rabbi & Mrs. Solomon 'Shifty' Putzvey on the betrothal of their children, Nechy to Aurumelch. The bride is a graduate of Eilat University where she majored in and received honors in "Body Language". The groom is doing post-graduate work in Nursing Home management at the Bergman School of Social Work and Welfare. A Rosh Chodesh wedding during Sefirah is planned.

Mazel Tov and best wishes to Rabbi and Mrs. Nicholas Ross and Mr. and Mrs. John Stonehill on the engagement of their children Michael and Bruce. The groom attended the Ethical Concept School and is with the Avant Ballet Company as lead dancer. The groom and groom met this summer on Fire Island where he was shooting a fashion ad for Modern Groom — published by his father. A June wedding is planned in Greece.

Mr. and Mrs. Chaim Kaputnik would like to announce the engagement of their beautiful daughter Irma but unfortunately cannot.

Mr. and Mrs. Sol Yochenfluster are absolutely thrilled to announce the engagement of the daughter Shirley who met her finance Sheldon Feinkuchen while teaching in P.S. 80 in the Bronx for the past 15 years. Mazel Tov to friends and family.

A hearty congratulations to Mel Ralucherstein of Canarsie who finally became engaged to Zelda Schwartz of Long Wait, New Jersey. A June '81 wedding is contemplated.

Congratulations to Mr. & Mrs. Young of Brooklyn on the engagement of their daughter Stella, to Mr. Robin Kraidel of Rego Park. The bride is a sophomore at Brooklyn Central, the groom teaches English at Brooklyn Central as well as learning in the evening at Yeshivas Arba Dalei.

Devorah Beeswachs and yettie Hopefuller tearfully report the engagement of their roommate Mazelle Dickstern. Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Dickstern of Antwerp and Mr. and Mrs. Schoenzeit of New York parents of the groom Irving. A very expensive June wedding is planned.

Mr. and Mrs. Meyer Bayiss proudly announce the marriage of their children Faigie to Sholom. Mazel Tov to the Bubie, Mrs. Alter who never thought she would live to see the day.

Mr. and Mrs. Irving Berlin would like to announce the forthcoming marriage of their son Chaim to Esther Shoenfeld, daughter of Mrs. Frima Schoenfeld. The Chasen is a graduate of the Mirror Yeshiva, the Kallah got her M.R.S. degree from Brooklyn College.

BIRTHS

Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Goldberg are pleased to announce the birth of their son, Dr. Max Goldberg. Mazel tov to the grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Isak Goldberg and Mrs. Fuldya Swift.

Jake and Sadie Moskowitz are pleased to announce the birth of a four pound whelp. Mazel tov to the grandmother, Ida Amin, and to the late brother Dov Ber.

Mr. and Mrs. Shmuel Klaus are pleased to announce the birth of their son, Santa. Mazel tov to the grandparents Mr. and Mrs. Rudolf R. Noes.

Mazel Tov to Pitzzy and Mushy Weisenheimer on the birth of their son Anthony Franklin. The baby was delivered by Dr. Chaim Langerhans a graduate of Milano Medical School and a nusmach of the Vochadicker Rebbe. The maternal grandparents, Mr. & Mrs. Nachy Gelklanger are well known in Kochelein circles.

THE WORRIERS

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New Disco Rocks With Ruach Studio 770

Last night's opening of the new Lubavitcher discotheque Studio 770, located in Crown Heights, was a dazzling display of the social elite of Brooklyn and even Monsey coming out in large numbers to enjoy the lavishly luxurious facilities afforded in the latest of the city's new night spots. Everyone who entered was given a candle. If you responded "yes" to the mandatory inquiry as to whether you were Jewish, you were then told to light the candles on Friday evening. Those whose response was in the negative were told that "you know what you can do with the candles." All of the men came dressed in Halston hats, with black suits to match, and white shirts with no ties. The Studio facility had two floors for dancing, one for the men and the other for the women and the band for the evening was the Crown Heights Affair. Many

of the events of the evening were unusual and I am sure surpassed all expectations.

There was no set time for the evening to get under way, but after the first three stars came out, the band started the festivities by playing "Sixteen Candles", which was followed by "Vikorev Pizoreinu." The dance floor was large with a clock in the center and after awhile everyone was rocking around the clock. The light show was the most imaginative I have ever seen. It consisted of different colored candles flashing on and off. The light show did not begin as the club opened, but candle lighting time was exactly 7:13 EST.

The music provided was excellent, but the sound system, consisting of three large megaphones, left much to be desired. The dancing was hectic, with everyone tackling each other trying to get into

the center of the floor, but things calmed down quite a bit when people lined up to do the "yeshiva hustle," a dance in which all the participants form a circle and try to stomp the floor into the center of the earth. There was occasion for the presentation of a new dance called the "lubav." Many of the guests, "hasidim" I think they called themselves, got up and danced after they caught the "lubav itch" and others just "sat more."

There was no evidence of any drugs present, which struck this reporter as odd because many of the people appeared to be stoned. Every time a guest came in, he or she kissed the door posts, and get this, each person was given a piece of paper, told to "roll their own" and put it on their own doorposts.

There was no publicized guest of honor, though everyone seemed to be talking about this apparently popular person "Shalom." Guests would say to one another, "Shalom, I like him," and the second response was always in agreement, "I like him, Shalom." The biggest coincidence of the evening was that it seemed that everyone had the same name. I must have asked 35 people, "Who are you?" They all said they were "Boruch Hashem." I became most embarrassed towards the close of the evening. This gentleman holding the longest joint I ever did see alongside of an oversized lemon, asked me if I cared to make a "brocho." Being a conformist I did, and promptly took a bite out of the lemon. It took all the energy I had left in me to keep the crowd from throwing me out.

In all, it was a most exciting evening and I highly recommend Studio 770. So when you have an open evening, make it your business to check this place out. It will be an experience that they will never let you forget.

Shimon Perez

Continued from page 4

My book would make a great action-adventure film or even a T.V. series. Travolta could play me as a youth and Gregory Peck could portray me in my later years. This is how it should be!

I hope you will excuse me for going on like this, but I had to explain why I act like the sore-loser character you all think I am. As you see, I have my reasons.

My next move is obvious. I will not remain at the mercy of those that seek to destroy me. Vanity press will publish my book. I will pay all publication and distribution costs but it will be worth it. Look for my memoirs at your favorite bookstore in early October. Until then — Shalom.

Meet Our K'tarim (Minor Sages)

Shlomo Chayim
Hochleiber, the "Krotz of Blitta"



Born in the auspicious month of Teveth in 1874 in Krosnitz then part of the Russo-Prusso-Hungo Empire, of a family not known to produce great scholars, Shlomo Chayim, or "Shlochy" as he was known in the shtetl, showed early talmudic promise when he attempted to set up a bonded "shomer sachir" service in his cheder with re-insurance by Lloyd's of London. The scheme failed when the shommes burned all his records claiming they looked "chometzdicke".

While attending the compulsory government school, the naive but perceptive Hochleiber was eating lunch one day when he said to his fellow student: "What's this food called — it's so delicious?" The goyische student replied: "Bacon and eggs." Stunned, the future minor sage moaned aloud — "What if this egg had been layed on Shabbos?" This clarity of halachic mystery was to characterize the "Krotz of Blitta's" career.

After attending the famed Yeshiva of Beltz where he received smicha at the age of 11, the rebbe opened a small shul to serve the needs of his community and to avoid conscription in the Czar's army. This concept was later adopted by young boys all over the world — even in America.

Calling his small shul "Kehillat Ahavat Kessef Rodef Znus" the young rebbe soon attracted a large following. His classes, or "shiurim", were always packed to the rafters. His perceptive analysis of complex passages in all the local newspapers and magazines became legends in their own time. Never had anyone been so bold in adapting talmudic exegesis to the stock and commodity listings. Brokers from

Warsaw came and went — sometimes on the holy Sabbath. But the Rebbe smiled and said: "We don't always understand the ways of brokers."

When at the age of 14 he married the daughter of the renowned Gaon of Liederkrantz, his reputation as a "gadol" really began. When at the age of 15 he fathered triplets, they knew as far as Blitta that he was a "gadol" that meant business. Answering the call to become the head of Blitta's famed yeshiva k'tannah, Shlomo Chayim Hochleiber was to finally fulfill his destiny. Declaring in a moment of pique that "eating on Yom Kippur was not necessarily a bad thing if you kept it quiet and benched", the young rebbe enraged the local council and earned the sobriquet, "Krotz". But, in the end, the rebbe triumphed. He took his young wife, 11 children and opened a small restaurant in Brooklyn. To this day, people still talk about the "Krotz" they got on 14th Avenue.

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YOUTH THROWS UP

By Dr. Moreless Mundane

For those of you with problems that you think are the biggest in the world, here is something I want you to read. Sometimes you may think that the most awful thing that could ever happen is a bad case of tzitzis rash. Well dear reader, here are some heart-rending letters that I have recently received. Please note how I carefully answer each one. Perhaps you have a similar problem and can learn from my profound advice.

Dear Dr. Mundane:

I'm a 16 year old boy. I read your wonderful column every week. I have read how you have helped so many others with their problems and hope you can give me some good advice about mine.

When I was 7, I developed a serious disorder of the nervous system which severely disabled me. Due to this disorder I fell down a flight of stairs thereby injuring both my legs, and I can no longer walk. As if being confined to a wheelchair wasn't bad enough, my father, who was a very respected Rabbi in the community, ran off with a strange woman and thus abandoned our family.

This shamed our good name and all the kids in my Yeshiva class started to tease me so much, that I was forced to drop out. I used to be the best in the whole Yeshiva, but now I'm no longer in school at all.

My mother was so upset by the whole incident that she began drinking very heavily. She eventually became so upset that she had a nervous breakdown.

I have been taken in by my uncle who is a heavy drinker also. He does not allow me out of the house, he beats me mercilessly everyday, even though I'm confined to a wheelchair! My life is an awful mess, I'm out of school, I have no friends, and have no future to look forward to. What can I do?

Answer:

It is time to stop complaining and feeling sorry for yourself and start laughing. A good, hearty laugh is the best cure for any problem. Laughing also exercises all those face muscles and releases tension. I would recommend laughing to anyone. It is a genuine soul tonic.

Answer to last week's puzzle:

The Agudahnik will not sit in the rowboat with the Satmir or Lubavitcher. The Satmir will not sit in the rowboat with the Lubavitcher. Therefore you will need 3 separate rowboats to reach the island. Correct answers were submitted by: Noah Klass, Mrs. Mundane, Ed Koch, Bernie Bergman, Rambam, Billy Carter, Moishe Feinstein, and the New London School of Jewish Music. They each will receive an autographed picture of Dr. Moreless Mundane.

Dear Dr. Mundane:

My problem is my brother. He is hard of hearing and very slow in understanding. Recently father passed on and he misunderstood when told to go say Kaddish three

times a day, instead he makes *kid-dush* three times a day. Now he has become an alcoholic and I never get a chance to correct him at a time when he can understand me. What do I do?

Answer:

First of all you should dilute his drink so you can have a chance to speak to him when he is sober. Also it is very important to be careful what you say. Do not call him a dope or you may have a drug addict on your hands.

A Very Funny Jewish Story

Mendel had three sets of false teeth, one for fleishig, one for milchig, and one for pareve. One

day he thought to himself 'oy, such a devout Yid like me, what if I were to mix up which teeth were which and G-d forbid, use the wrong set to bite into a cholent?'. This particular problem troubled poor Mendel for many days. So finally he went to consult with the Great Bridgker Rebbe (known for his great bridge work). The Great Rebbe was very impressed by Mendel's devoutness, not to mention the fine dental work. The Rebbe was known for his great wisdom and even greater wisdom teeth. So he suggested to Mendel that he should dye the milchig set blue, the fleishig set red and leave the pareve set the original yellow stain. "Oh thank you, Rebbe, may you be blessed, how can I ever repay you?" asked Mendel. The Rebbe replied "you might join my new dental plant and pay in monthly installments." Can you suggest a humorous ending to this story?

Flashlight on Education

Continued from page 3

We visited a class. The teacher was giving a history lesson. Half the class was staring out the window. The other half were in the bathroom shooting up drugs. I asked Mr. Gottlieb if all classes were like this. He said "Oh, no! Some are much worse. Some classes don't even go to the bathroom to shoot drugs."

I asked Mr. Gottlieb why things were like this. He said it has to do with the home. At home, no one reads. There is never a book or newspaper in the house unless there is a dog. All they do is watch television. Sometimes they do get motivated to go to a movie.

When they come to school they don't want to learn. They just want to graduate. They don't care if they know nothing. They graduate anyway. Then they go to college. In college the teachers care even less. They don't like to fail kids. They may find their car stolen as a joke.

So these kids who can't read graduate college. They go get jobs or go to medical school.

This is the way the public school system is today. It stinks. Grades don't mean anything. Not even degrees. Not even medical degrees.

I am glad I went to school in the fifties. That was when education meant learning, especially in private schools. I'm glad I went to yeshiva. To learn to read and write so well. And I'm glad I went to college. And got a Ph.D. in English. So I could write this column. Each week.

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QUERIES

Continued from page 5

Male or Female

Q: About an Orthodox Jewish male who undergoes a sex-change operation: Does he/she have to put on "t'filin"? Does he/she have to wear a "Yarmulke"? Does he/she go to "mikveh" during the day or at night? What side of the "Mechitza" does he/she "daven" on? And when his/her child says, "Goodnight, mommy," does he/she answer?

A Reader

A: Nowhere in the Talmud is there any mention of any possibility of a sex-change operation. As a result, I will have to, once again, make up my own "halacha" on this issue.

A Moshel

An ugly girl is like a herring without wine sauce.

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What's Halachah?

A Practical Guide for the Orthodox in Winter Sports

By The Unknown Rabbi



Q: Can a man wear women's ice skates in the event that male ice skates are all rented out?

A: This question came up in the Responsa of HaRav HaGaon Yosef Brech, ShMita, who, citing an undiscovered passage in the Babylonian Talmud (9752b), "Three that slipped on the ice..." stated that in the case of an emergency, one can skate in women's skates, as long as an unusual change is introduced (e.g. skating on your ears). He was immediately jumped upon and beaten up by the Elders of the generation, who felt that the slightest change in traditional customs would lead to reform, assimilation, and tooth decay.

We, who are as doormats to the feet of the sages who are we too argue with the great Feathered Ones. Especially if they are bigger than we are. Therefore, we rule that one can wear ice skates, so long as he is stationary and does not change positions.

In case the ice melts, see our previous feature on the Halacha of wearing bathing suits.

Q: As the only Jewish astronaut in the NASA space program, I have a problem. How am I to determine what and when I am to pray when on a mission in outer space.

A. Reader Houston, TX

A: This question has been discussed many times in the past, but we will briefly review the answer again for those of you who weren't paying attention.

The Rot in his Etzba B'af states that if you orbit the earth, say thirty times in a twenty-four hour period, you will be passing the sun and date-line thirty times. As such, you should daven shacharis, mincha, and maariv thirty times per day. If you plan to leave the earth's orbit the Bet Cafe (86 B.C.) suggests that you set your Omega chronometer to the time in Newark and use that as your standard for further (t'filot) prayer. Reb Murray of Yensid laand says if you don't know the time in Newark, it is acceptable to make up your own time as long as it is divisible by your birth date. In our opinion Reb Murray is a loser.

Israelis Very Humble

Israelis are, surprisingly enough, amongst the most humble people in the world, a recent survey has shown. The highly scientific analysis conducted interviews of even the supposedly most 'chutzpahdik' members of the population, including Egged drivers, Falafel stand owners, and Cabinet Members, and NY cab-drivers.

The interview, conducted by the Galut Poll, consisted of ten questions: "Are you basically humble?" Typical positive responses went like: "I sure as hell am you little ben-zona (Israeli term of affection)."

Torah and Treason

Continued from page 3

The candle lighting ceremony on Friday night should be understood before it is every observed. The woman will light the candles, cover her eyes and then make a motion with her hands over her eyes and that looks like a magician's "abracadabra". I just kept waiting for a rabbit to jump up someplace.

After going through a year of just messing up on all of the Jewish traditions I needed a Yom Kippur to pray for forgiveness. There is a portion in the prayer where by tradition you punch yourself by each transgression you recite. On the third transgression I connected with a right uppercut lost all my teeth thereby assuring that I would fast on this Yom Kippur.

You learn from your experiences. Those who have gone through the conversion process can attest to similar experiences that I have written of. So support your local rabbi. He will bring purpose to the commandments and explain with love the ways of our Torah. Let us hope our true redemption comes soon, so look towards the hills, because, he'll be coming around the mountains when he comes, when he comes.

40 Serious Girls Arrive in NY

Forty young ladies aged 17 to 71 arrived at New York Harbor this morning from Syria. They are the Tachlis sisters, who have come here in search of husbands.

"In Syria, families like to do things together," the eldest sister, Meeskeit, told reporters.

A spokesman for the Syrian Jewish community of Brooklyn, Tzadik V'tov Lo, greeted the girls. "We of the rich Ocean Parkway Syrian Jewish community welcome you girls," he told them. He said the new immigrants would work for seven years in Syrian discount stores before being provided with spouses.

SHANDER FOR NEW BIBLE TRANSLATION

A brand new Standard New American Revised Edition of the Bible Society in conjunction with Old Book Digest magazine. The new translation is keyed to the millions of average Americans whose cultural scope extends little beyond the nearest beer can or Farrah's Major Fawcetts.

Among the first theologians to welcome the new version was Rabbi Alexander Shander of the Union Theological Seminary. Shander feels that the new bible "will make the dwindling American Jew more aware of the literature of his ethnic roots. Were it not for bold, innovative strides such as this, there would be no Jews left in America — but for a few thousand Orthodox types." The Rabbi praised the translation's "immediacy, relevance and lyrical cadence," his favorite passage was the rendering of Genesis 3:20; "And Adam gave his beaver the handle Eve; because she was the head honcho of the whole convoy."

Reproduced below is the S.N.A.R.E. version of the 23rd Psalm:

"The Lord is my pulling guard; I won't be short of the first down. He gives me good field position: he hands me gatorade on the sidelines. He gets my wind back: he keeps my feet in bounds on the big play. Yes, even when I'm double-covered I don't worry about getting popped: for he's blocking for me: his helmet and pads protect me. He opens a hole for me through the defensive line: he pours champagne over my head at the superbowl. Bonuses and endorsements will follow my career, and I'll end up in the Hall of Fame."

770

770 is really 10 minutes after 8.

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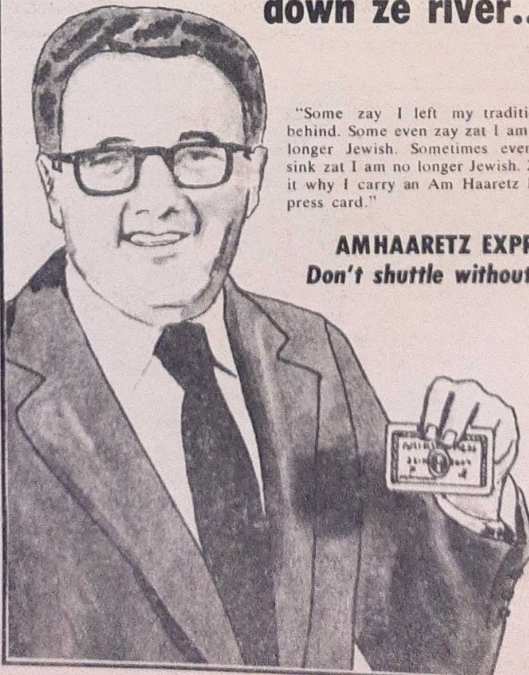
Guest Speaker: Rebetzin Pinkermansky

Film: Return of the Pink Panther

All friends of the Yeshiva (and the family) are invited

Call Pinky

"Some people zay I zold Izrael down ze river..."



"Some zay I left my traditions behind. Some even zay zat I am no longer Jewish. Sometimes even I sink zat I am no longer Jewish. Zat it why I carry an Am Haaretz Express card."

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The Scene In Politics

by Holly Grass

A black homosexual dwarf with admitted communist leaning would hardly seem to be an ideal candidate in the Orthodox Jewish Community. And yet in this era of alleged voter apathy and indifference, the candidacy of Augustus J. Pickles constitutes the phenomenon that has seasoned political analysts scratching their heads in confusion. Here is a seventh grade drop-out with no ideology that amounts to virtually gibberish creating a sensation each time he appears in the Jewish Community.

We, at the NOT THE JEWISH PRESS, were indeed charmed when in a recent editorial conference in our office, the irrepressible little dwarf opened up two suitcases of cash representing his commitment to support ethnic publications through extensive advertising.

Naturally, we were taken by his charm and sincerity and with his self deprecating humor (e.g. — vote for a candidate who would look up to you). But it's not just us.

Moishe Kapoyer the advisor to Kings & Presidents was infatuated with Pickles the moment the two met aboard Kapoyer's yacht. "He has a simple common touch" remarked Kapoyer as he enjoyed the new bar and grill given to him by Pickles. "I offered my support the moment I met him." Last week Pickles stepped out on 13th Avenue for a brief walking tour, wearing a cute little yarmulke given to him by a local deli owner. He was literally trampled by well wishers, many who received a free gift on the spot and by others who thought that American politics deserved a Black Homosexual Dwarf.

Pickles promised to push through a bill allowing people to work off the books and avoid sales tax on certain holidays. The crowd cheered frantically as dollar bills were given out by Pickles' aides. "Now there's a piece of campaign literature I can understand," yelled one supporter.

Admittedly the reaction to Pickles' candidacy is not universally as enthusiastic. "He's an illiterate little conniver quipped one man. "He hasn't said anything concrete during the whole campaign. Just try getting an answer on anything not dealing with gay rights."

Granted, that Pickles tends to be vague on many issues when pressed, but we must understand that this is a result of the limited educational opportunities allowed him as a young black dwarf not any conscious attempt to avoid the issues.

Admittedly, Pickles has a lot of explaining to do. Many question the recent revelations that Pickles owns a few roach ridden tenements in Williamsburg. But that's no all, Pickles has also offered a bill to have all kosher butcher shops carry glatt kosher chicken, thinking that this move will bring him additional votes.

With all of the above problems in mind, we at the paper still believe in Pickles. We examined all of the other candidates and although their intentions are seemingly noble they can't hold a candle to this warmhearted, generous gay black, dwarf.

So when election day rolls by, let's vote to change our city from the Big Apple to the Little Pickle.

Rabbis' Wives Protest E.R.A.

The Equal Rights Amendment has come under fire by the wives of Satmar Rabbis. Assembling en masse on Lee Avenue and Division, in the Williamsburg section of Brooklyn, last Saturday afternoon, the group of irate women expressed their concern for possible ramifications of E.R.A. passage and for the new Falafel stand by the Brooklyn-Queens Expressway. Passage of the amendment, they fear, would mean forced synagogue attendance for women, mixed mikvah facilities, or even ordination requirements for rebetzins.

Russians Say Would Beat Refuse-Knicks

RIGA — Toma Janovich told a PRAVDA Sports columnist today that his C.P.C.T.C. Soviet National Basketball team would refuse to play the New York Knicks and their "genetic monsters," but if they did play them they would beat them.

Synagogues To Merge

The members and machers of Cong. Rodef Kesef of Scarsdale, N.J. and Temple Ahavat Znut of Mowlawn, L.I. have agreed to vacate their premises during the non-High Holiday season and to hold services at a third location. The former's facilities will be occupied most of the year by the United Disco Methodist Church, while the latter's building has been rented by Our Lady of the Perpetual Climax. Non-peak hour services for the two congregations will be held jointly on the 10:17 Babylon to Grand Central

Aleph

Aleph is the twenty-eight letter of the Hebrew Alphabet.

Heights Yeckl Exposed: Wins

Citizenship Regardless

A former collaborator with Nazi Germany, Hans Offmeindorfer, was discovered to be residing in the Washington Heights extension of Spanish Harlem. Offmeindorfer has been dismissed by a 5th Circuit Court of Appeals on denaturalization charges brought against him. The 68 year old former prison camp head chef, partially paralyzed by a war injury, was formerly employed as a part time security guard for a famous Uptown yeshiva. Cited for "inhuman crimes of unspeakably bad taste," Offmeindorfer has been quoted as saying, "I was only taking orders."

WEEKLY EVENTS

Sunday: 6:00 p.m. — Mrs. Berkowitz serves for dinner Shabbat leftovers.
Monday: 9:00 a.m. — Mrs. Berkowitz orders from butcher for upcoming Shabbat.
Tuesday: — Intellectual discussion at Hofstra University. Topic: The 1979 Horoscope for the Shah of Iran.
Wednesday: — Nothing doing, everyone stays home to see "Charlie's Angels."
Thursday: 4:00 p.m. — Mrs. Berkowitz burns all her food in preparation for Shabbat. 7:00 p.m. — Mishmore, no attendance.
Friday: — Mrs. Berkowitz buys Shabbat food at Mazzone Caterers.
Shabbat: — Berkowitz family arrives hom from Kiddush in Shat too stuffed to eat dinner.

LUBAVITCHER MITZVAH TANKS ATTACK WILLIAMSBURG

JTA (Brooklyn) — In apparent retaliation for yesterday's attack on key Lubavitcher positions on President Street, the Lubavitcher 770th Mitzvah Tank Division staged a sortie into critical areas of Williamsburg. Casualties have been mounting daily in this bitter fight to gain control of the bulk of the world's Chassidim. In an apparently related incident yesterday, a number of wealthy supporters of the Lubavitcher have withdrawn large amounts of money from accounts in the Williamsburg Savings Bank. Economic experts predict that such a sudden withdrawal of vast sums of liquid capital could seriously setback the Satmar forces.

There have been some unconfirmed reports from the front that heavy fighting is going on in the previously Demilitarized Zone in Prospect Park. Reports from as far away as Manhattan have indicated Lubavitcher forces capturing numerous non-aligned civilians and indoctrinating them with Lubavitcher lore. They have been spotted handing out propaganda and free gift packages to unsuspecting civilians. Some of these new recruits (code-named Baal T'shuvas) have been seen in the vicinity of the Lubavitcher headquarters in Crown Heights.

As reported earlier, an eleventh hour attempt by the New York Board of Rabbis to bring together the two opposing forces for an early peace settlement fell through when the parties could not reach agreement as to when you start counting for the eleventh hour. Further complications arose when a neutral site was selected for the talks but a Glatt Kosher Caterer suitable to both sides could not be located.

FIRE IN THE SESPLINADE HOTEL SENDS 2000 RESIDENTS TO THE STREETS CATASTROPHE RESULTS IN LARGEST SINGLES FUNCTION OF THE DECADE.

Thousands of young singles were forced out of their studio apartments last Wednesday night when a fire, touched off by lit cigarette butts thrown from a third floor apartment onto the hotel's awning, brought panic to the hotel's residents.

At first it was thought that the hotel had finally gotten its long overdue heating system, but as the smoke spread, people quickly realized that this was certainly a choking matter.

As the singles congregated in the street to flee the spreading flames, Rabbi Shlomo Risking, the local spiritual leader, appeared to comfort those Hotel residents now in need of a nice Jewish home. The Rabbi quickly searched for prospective matches but the Fire Department arrived on the scene and began turning on their hoses thereby preventing any possible flames from spreading. Before it was all over Rabbi Carl Bach also appeared and in his "farbrenta" style led the crowd in spiritual songs.

As the night progressed, singles from all over the city even as far as Brooklyn, had arrived to check out what was turning out to be the biggest West Side blast ever (even bigger than Simchat Torah). In all, 4,000 singles spent the night socializing, singing and dancing in the streets. "It was just so heart-warming to see all those young people offering each other a place to stay the night," commented one observer. Due to the accidental success of the evening, another "Smoke-In" is being planned for Lag B'Omer in Riverside Park.

1 x 2

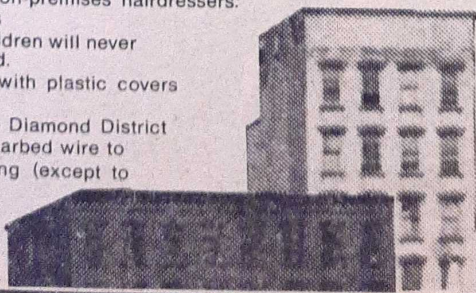
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Mere Kahenee Whereabouts Unknown

A lot of our bretheren have lately been taking the White Power Party to task. Although it is quite true that they are not exactly our best friends, it is important that we recognize certain common goals. In these troubled times when everyone, even our own prime minister has turned out to be a traitor, we need to make certain alliances with those we share aims. This is especially true of so powerful and active a group as the White Power Party.

It is important to realize that they supply a sorely needed pull to the right, much needed to counter those ubiquitous leftist-types. Perhaps we do not always agree with their methods. But just as many disagreed with my particular methods until they saw the clear-cut need for them. Just as Israel has realized the importance of allying itself with South Africa in spite of all those bleeding-heart liberals, so must we choose our allies wherever we can find them. Note to those who suppose that South Africa is doing wrong by a ruling white minority: just look at what black leadership has done in Uganda, Nicaragua and Detroit, need I say more?

Let us simply examine the facts. What exactly does the White Power political philosophy call for? Its main goals are to send all blacks back to their homeland Africa, and to send all Jews back to their homeland — Israel! Now does that sound like such a bad idea??? Of course not! That is precisely what we have been fighting for! With the coming to power of the White Power Party, we could begin transporting our bretheren to the Holy Land. I'm certain that if we fulfilled our part of the bargain they would even support our claim to a Greater Israel seeing as they hate the Arabs even more than us Jews.

So where has our leadership been on this outstanding opportunity? Once again it has thrown up a smokescreen around the whole issue. Once again we have been betrayed into thinking that any connection with such a group would only hurt our cause. Once again our "brilliant" leaders prefer to retreat and hide their big heads and react with misplaced emotions rather than giving the matter rational consideration.

Of course our "superb" leadership is applauded in its efforts by that rag-sheet of yellow journalism, the anti-semitic *New York Times*. The *New York Times*, ha, that house-organ of the Black Panthers, largely supported by Libya's Qaddafi, must derive a great deal of satisfaction from this display of lunacy by our so-called leadership.

I have previously exposed the bankruptcy of leaders such as Menachem Begin whose role in numerous communist and socialist groups I have amply outlined elsewhere. Our greatest threat is not from the goyim like Sadat and Carter. We already are aware that those goyim couldn't think if their lives depended on it. No, our greatest threat is from

within! It is only we Jews who have the brains to destroy ourselves.

Time For A New Leadership

With the pathetic failure of Israeli Leadership to take the initiative it is time to take action! While our leaders go running after Nobel Peace Prizes and final settlements, we have been opposed to their tactics of absurdity.

We now know that Begin is committed to an autonomous 'Palestinian' state. Begin actually forced this idea on Sadat who was perfectly willing to forget about the whole Palestinian question if Israel would only teach the Egyptians how to buy at wholesale. This tragedy would end the Jewish sovereignty over Judea and Sumaria.

Now that it has become clear that our great leaders are leading us down the path of final destruction, it is time for a new leadership. To this end I have been campaigning on my own behalf as well as enlisting support from various sources. I take great pleasure in announcing my greatest 'coup' to date on this score.

I have been secretly meeting with Yassir Arafat of the PLO and have been able to reach agreement on some important matters. We will shortly come out with a joint statement condemning the Begin-Sadat Peace Talks. What is more, we will proclaim a continued state of animosity, mutual non-recognition, and hard-headed steadfastness on all issues. This historic step will finally clear the way for a lasting war.

Both myself and Arafat were quick to realize the imminent danger to our causes if an autonomous Palestinian state is ever set up in Judea-Samaria. I was able to win some further concessions out of Arafat in the way of continued terrorist attacks and United Nation sanctions (eat your heart out Begin, it pays to be tough). Without these very important elements being ever-present, it may become easy for some Israelis to feel a false sense of security. Soon the traitorous voices of "moderation" will once again rear their awful heads. It won't be long until more empty promises of peace are forthcoming. This would be a tragedy.

There Are no Arabs

Our "leaders" have perpetuated yet another tragedy — the Arab problem. There was a time when even a communist-socialist such as Dayan understood that there is no such thing as an "Arab." Then we panicked under pressure, and every prime minister including the present one, began to speak of "Arabs."

As I have brilliantly demonstrated elsewhere at great length, there are no such things as Arabs. The existence of any people by that title is a pure fiction. This is by now an indisputable historical fact which only the most pig-headed refuse to accept.

It was only in the year 1375 during the Ottoman Empire, when Genghis Kohn (a converted Jew) who was Emperor of the Turkish Legion, attempted to wipe out his bretheren (for not giving him a big enough Bar Mitzvah), that we first heard of the word "arab." The actual roots of the word goes back to our ancient ancestors when they lived in the Greater Israel (stretching

from present-day France to the Himalayas).

Many of the Holy cities of that time had "aravs" around them to allow carrying on the Holy Shabbat. When bands of roving Ukranian-gypsies (with some Puerto-Rican Blood) began plundering the cities, robbing the inhabitants and playing radios very loud on camel caravans.

At that time a plan was forwarded to lower the aravs to waist height and electrify them to keep out these bands of wandering marauders. From this we got the expression "our city is surrounded by arava." This was misinterpreted by dense Goyim to mean that those barbarous gangs that attack and surround cities were "aravs."

It wasn't long until the word "arav" became bastardized into "arabs." And thus was "Arabs" born, the illegitimate offspring of a demented Turkish mind. Consider now, dear reader, what would have been had the Turks not developed the name. Today there would be No Arabs In The Entire Mid-East.

In every normal case it was the People who gave their name to Land. (take the Squarers in Square Town). Here however, we have the incredible sight of a bastard name "arab" given by a converted-Turkish gypsy, an arab people claiming their existence and voila, we have high oil prices!

Let us cry to the heavens and the earth, over and over and over again the message: THERE ARE NO ARABS. THERE ARE NO ARABS. Let us not recognize them or their leaders. Indeed, let the name never pass our lips.

Until Begin, the Israelis and the Jewish people believe that there are no Arabs, no one else will. The world will continue paying oil high-prices to these non-existent people, they will continue to dominate the UN, and people will continue to line up for frauds like "King Tut." We, the Jews are the only obstacle to our own speedy redemption.

Math Trick

Pick a number from one to ten. Now double it. Add 6. Divide by two. Subtract your original number. The answer is either 3 or 28.



In response to the Church's "shmad" campaign, known as "I Found It," young women from Toulo College proudly proclaim, "We're Jewish, We Never Lost It."

Israel's Sunburnt Side

by Sheinda Winebottle

Another Israel correspondent who works for us

Double feature

In an effort to boost sagging tourism statistics, the Ministry of Tourism will be initiating a new attraction in the Old City in Jerusalem. Following the unqualified success of a similar show at the Tower of David, there will be an all-new Sound and Light Spectacle projected on the Western Wall each night at 9:00. The time was chosen so as not to conflict with Jewish evening prayers.

The Show itself will consist of a multi-media depiction of the many exciting events that have transpired around the present location of the Wall. A government spokesman, anticipating some objections, stated "sure there are some who may object on religious grounds, but this is not the sole property of a few zealots, this is an important site for many historians and tourists as well. Besides, it will be done in the best of taste..." Future plans to convert the Mosque of Omar into a Planetarium were also discussed.

Archeological Discovery

After intense excavation for over three years, an archeological team in the Ben Shahn Valley have finally dug through an enormous tel and hit paydirt. The intensive digging was well worth the effort when a perfectly preserved ancient Israeli amphitheatre was uncovered at the base of the excavations. The excavation team from Denmark could find no explanation for the hundreds of meters of sunflowerseed shells that had engulfed the ancient theater.

Flower Power

Is Israel secretly developing a new strain of flowers?

Ever-increasing speculation that Israel was developing Nuclear weapons in the Negev Desert recently prompted an international investigative team of reporters to visit the supposed site at Dimona. A short press briefing was given by the spokesman for the plant. Excerpts follow:

In reply to a reporter pointing out the purported "reactor" ... "What reactor? Oh, that old thing ... ha. Why that's no reactor ... it's just an ... er ... why it's an ... we grow um, tulips ... yes that's it, tulips in there."

A reporter from Great Britain pointed out the large metal containers similar to ones used to store radioactive waste ... "Waste materials? Ha, why that's just a new form of very potent fertilizer. We keep it in those containers so as not to offend anyone with the powerful odor it emits."

A reporter from Australia inquired as to the heavy security, the electrified fence, and the armed guards given that only "tulips" were being grown. "Hey, you know we're developing a new strain of tulip here that some countries are just dying to see. The tulip race in the world is fierce. Why the first country to perfect a new tulip will be in virtual control of the global market. We are already searching out test sites for our latest strain."

Major Catastrophe

A major catastrophe occurred in Jerusalem last weekend when a sidewalk railing that supports most of the city's "pushtakim" population collapsed. Over 80 of Israel's finest had gathered to take part in their nightly ritual of catcalls, wolfwhistles, pinches, and lewd remarks hurled towards young female passerby. Suddenly, without warning, the railing upon which many of them were leaning and sitting on along Yafo Road gave way.

Bodies were flung to the street, many sustaining bruises, abrasions, and ripped hip-huggers. A number of pushtakim were in serious condition when their heavy gold neckchains flung up into their foreheads during the melee.

One of the survivors remarked through an interpreter, "... eet wuz terreible ... such a slow night, hardly any American foxies ... I had onlee asked about 7 of zem to go wit me to bed, and den it happened ... such a tragedy ... look at my sexee see-through shirt ... eetz rooned!"

Israel on Ice

Spurred on by Tel Aviv-Macabee's upset victory over the NBA champion Washington Bullets in basketball, a new spirit of confidence has swamped the sports establishment of Israel. The Minister of Sports, Chaim Benbozo and the Israeli Athletic Association, have issued a challenge to the NHL champion Montreal Canadiens for a 7-game ice hockey series. Plans are underway now to construct Israel's first hockey rink to be located in the Negev Desert. When questioned about the appropriateness of such a location for an ice rink, Minister Benbozo proudly proclaimed "out goalie is to turn the desert into a Madison Square Garden. Remember even Tel Aviv was once a swamp."

An intensive search is currently underway for Israelis with ice skates for the team.

Nem Tudom

By HARRY TROTSKY

PRESIDENT OF NEM TUDOM ASSOCIATION

Another outrage is being perpetrated against a group of Jews in a foreign country who are seeking only the right to leave but are being prevented by a shocking case of Government interference and abrogation of the Helsinki accords as well as the Geneva convention.

Hundreds of Jewish families are languishing in hotels in Puerto Rico, the Virgin Islands, the Dominican Republic waiting for the governments to make good on promises of "perfect vacation weather" but their pleas go unheard. Every overcast day they line up pitifully at the tourist offices crying plaintively: "We're not tan, we're not tan" as the cold, unfeeling officials ignore their complaints. We propose that every family in New York adopt a family down in the Caribbean and send them encouragement and the knowledge that they are not forgotten. Little notes of the tem-

peratures in NY, descriptions of crowded buses and subways, birthday cards, — anything — to let out sympathies with their plight be known. Furthermore — let us chain ourselves to the Puerto Rican embassy and call out as loud as we can: "Let our people tan!" "Free the Caribe Hilton 15" "Better red than pale!" and other slogans like that. Write your congressman, boycott Pina Colodas, let the kugel burn and then ask Maria to clean it — that'll show 'em. We must stand firm — after all the next family held at length in sunless climes could be yours. Write today to the following families:

Moishe & Chanshie Goldklanger
8 weeks, the El San Juan Shashie & Nachman Fleegle
6 1/2 weeks, the El Taco Grande
Susan & Norman Slipsteyne
El Toro Merde, Bahamas

An Interview with Anwar Sadat, Really

with Barbra Falts

Q: President Sadat, what first brought you the idea of a possibility of peace with Israel?

A: Well eh eh. speaking frankly, it was a mistake from the beginning. I thought they were asking me if I wanted a piece of Israel.

Q: I see. As you know, the world is very impressed with your statesmanship and leadership qualities. Would you care to elaborate on this?

A: Oh yes. I would love to. I also have been insight into the problems of the world. I have lots of courage. I fear no one, no threats. I'm realistic. I'm an optimist, and most important of all I'm just one heckuva guy to be with.

Q: OK sir I get the message.

Do you know that your name is rather unique?

A: No, it's Anwar Sadat.

Q: Yes, well, that is what I am referring to. How did you get the name Anwar?

A: Well you see it is really a nickname. When I was a child my parents would throw me in the air and they would count... an war, an two, an three...

Q: I see, your parents said that?

A: Yes, for security purposes.

Q: I do not understand.

A: Well, when in danger I blow smoke signals to my secret service.

Q: You have a secret service in Egypt?

A: No, that is why my life is always in danger, but we do

have a few Iranian security men that I managed to entice away from the Shah.

Q: Yes, I also notice that many of the security men are going into that room marked W.C. Why is that?

A: Why that is where our security leaks.

Q: Speaking of Iran, what are your feelings on the turmoil in that country?

A: I was very disappointed with the Shah. He simply could not do his job. He was supposed to maintain peace and quiet in the area. Why do you think they call him the "Shah of Iran."

Q: What do you make of the Straights of Teheran?

A: I prefer not to discuss my sexual orientation in public.

Q: As you know there has been a large discovery of oil and gas in Mexico, how do you feel this will affect the global economy?

A: Well aside from the fact that fried chicken will be more crispy and less oily, I think little.

Q: What are your feelings on the western bank?

A: This is one area that I am really pleased with. I understand that now they are offering free checking.

Q: Mr. President, many of our readers still wonder how you can claim victory in the 1973 war when your third army was surrounded by the Israeli forces and was literally at their mercy?

A: It is a known fact that in every war there is a victor and a loser. On my last trip to Israel I spoke to Golda their former prime minister (oleha hasholom) and she said that even if Israel wins a war she can never be a victor. Well, so where do you think that leaves me?

Q: OK, so let me ask you, in a peaceful coexistence what does your country have to offer Israel.

A: Well we can offer them priority on the King Tut exhibits.

Q: President Sadat, it is said that you possess a very sharp sense of humor. How come you never reveal it publicly?

A: You mean to say that you take these peace discussions seriously?

Q: You mean it is all a joke?

A: This is true, Barbra.

Q: Well then what happened during your stay at Camp David?

A: It was a wonderful experience. The night activities were great and you can't beat the price.

A: Would you return for another trip?

A: It depends on who would be running the camp. But the stay was very constructive, the discussions were serious and informal. But there were two things I did not like.

Q: And they were?

A: Well for one the Egyptian contingent never got arts and crafts. And second, they scheduled me for OD on Friday night.

A: What was your best day at Camp David?

A: The second Sunday.

Q: Why is that?

A: Well, I have always loved visiting day.

Q: During the evenings, being under tight security where could you have gone if you would have wanted, for example, a snack or something?

A: Well our hosts let this fellow Billy set up a concession but it was not much really. All he offered was beer, peanuts and some postcards of "Beautiful Libya."

Q: What are your opinions concerning President Carter's outlook on the peace discussions?

A: Mr. Carter's outlook is completely one sided.

Q: And you feel this unfair and something to complain of?

A: Unfair, yes. But do you find me complaining? Are you kidding? What other impartial party would insist on Israel that she agree that the treaty must include a clause permitting Egypt to stand up for her Arab brothers in the even of war.

Q: A lot of people are wondering why all of the sudden this rush to peace?

A: The answer is simple. If Mr. Carter is not re-elected we may have to deal with a more rational intermediary.

Q: Mr. President it just seems so strange that for 30 years you can be in a state of war with a country and all of the sudden you discuss peace. It just does not seem OK...

A: Yes, but that is OK for me because I am just a wild and crazy guy.

770

It is not true that 770 is a mystical, holy, number. This mistaken idea comes from the fact that in Europe, Lubavitch headquarters were at street number 26 which, coincidentally, is a mystical and holy number. Hence, those "chasidim" who dunk in a "mikveh" 770 times every erev Shabbos are coming out looking like stewed prunes for nothing.

THE WEST SIDE COMPUTER DATING SERVICE

(popularly known as WUV-YU) is pleased to present for your convenience and for your disposal the following questionnaire. Fill out the form below, and submit to the NJP - WUV-YU, to the attention of our resident Shadchun and Spiritual Advisor, Rabbi Noah Risking, with your specially reduced membership fee of \$613.00 (checks made payable to WUV-YU or directly to Leaking Stare Synagogue). Hurry! Your Bashert is just around the corner!

Cut and fold here

Name _____ Sex: Male Female Other, Yes _____ No _____

Size: Small _____ Med. _____ Large _____ Ex. Large _____

Religious Affiliation _____

Fanatic _____ Frenetic _____ Chassidic _____ Orthodox _____ Polydox _____ Chicken Pox _____ Reform _____

New Born _____ Reactionary _____ Zionist _____ Jim Jones _____ Undecided _____

Please attach an 8" by 8" unretouched full length photo of yourself, shot within the last 15 years.

Musical Preferences _____

The Frum Trio _____ Meatloaf _____ The Herring Brothers _____ The Blues Brothers _____ Dying _____

Reading Preferences _____

Encyclopedia Judaica _____ Jewish Press _____ Der Yid _____ Not the Jewish Press _____ Traditionals _____ Non-

Traditionals _____ Kosher Home & Mikvah _____

Circle Your Favorite Holiday _____

July 4th _____ 9th of Av _____ Tu B'Shvat _____ Martin Luther King Day (for Liberals Only) _____ Shabbos Nachamu (celebrated

at Grossingers) _____

I will raise my children to be: _____

Doctors _____ Lawyers _____ CPA's _____ Intellectuals _____ Hungarians _____ Moonies _____ Goy _____

I am a firm believer in: _____

Religion _____ Mankind _____ Ghosts _____ Birth Control _____ All of the above _____

ANSWER YES () OR NO (X)

1. Would you date someone who wears Shaatnez? _____

2. Would you date a Republican? _____

3. How do you feel about airport dates? _____

4. Are you opposed to the Conservative Party in Guiana? _____

5. Do you believe in Bashert? _____

6. Are you opposed to Love at First Sight? _____

7. Are you opposed to Seamed Stockings? _____

MULTIPLE CHOICE QUESTIONS

What would you do if you found a shark in the Mikveh?

(a) convince the shark to keep Shabbat _____

(b) call mother _____

(c) swim fast _____

(d) go home _____

A snuff box full of cocaine is passed around in Shul on Yom Kippur, you would:

(a) apply for membership immediately _____

(b) call mother _____

(c) pass the box to the Rabbi _____

(d) inhale _____

(e) sneeze _____

Erotic thoughts pass through your mind during davening, you would:

(a) Pray to have the thoughts pass so you can daven properly _____

(b) Pray to have the davening pass so you can concentrate on these thoughts _____

(c) Throw up _____

(d) Wish those thoughts on your best friend _____

NOT THE JEWISH PRESS CLASSIFIED

HELP WANTED

BI-LINGUAL sales clerk, F.T., B.P. knowledge of English & Spanish must. **BAAL KOREL** — Temple Shaarei B'nai in Carasite, must be able to be heard over several hundred people shmoozing.

Babysitter

Flatbush, for when the wife and kids are away.
Box 5623 c/o NJP

CANTOR — needed in prestig. E. Side Reform Temple. Must have own cardinal's cap & minister's gown. Interested in refs. from opera companies, not Rabbis.
Box 2212 c/o NJP

CANTOR — Cong. King in Harlem seeks baritone with soul, choir has backed up. Stevie Wonder at Lincoln Square. All benefits but health Samuel Davis, pres.
Box 8693 NJP

CHUMASH teacher — P/T Beis Yaakov Yeshiva, must skip dirty parts. Box

Professional Shnorrer desperately needed. Lower East Side and Boro Park experience a must. Immediate opening for the right person.
Write c/o Hugh Jay

Crack Accountant needed for wholesale electronics business. Must be able to keep bi-lingual set of books. Knowledge of 220 electrical and non-electrical products helpful.
c/o Hester St. Appliance

SUMMER CAMP — Poconos, sleepaway, co-ed, needs counselors, N.Y. arts/crafts, waterfront, also short order chefs, genetic counselors.
Camp Farina Box 8789 c/o NJP

Ortho rabbi looking for community. Community must be willing to relocate.

Want to send a **Mazel Tov** in a special way? Send it by Nigun-gram, impact of a singing telegram at a fraction of the tune.

Noodle cutter to make letters for alphabet soup. Must be expert at Aleph-Bet.
Box c/o NJP

Needed for small town Sheitel hair stylist to double as Mohel. Must know where not to cut.
212-021-1212

Small boy with slingshot needed for short term close encounter apply c/o Kings Hotel Box 246

Dancing Teacher needed to teach Yeshiva students the "shuckle".
212-333-6666

ANGEL MESSENGER SERVICE — responsible persons, M.F. wanted to convey info. to childless couples, supervise destruct. of maj. cities, etc. surefooted, unafraid of heights.
Call Mike, Gabe, Urey, or Rafly
Box 1234 c/o NJP

GREEN HORN EMPLOYMENT AGENCY — Discreet employment contracts for: Dibs, Frogs, Russkies, Canuks, Hunkies, and other alien illegals.
Box 6521, c/o NJP

SITUATIONS WANTED

RABBI — Smicha Lakewood, guitar, soulful voice, pop, with ladies, seeks synagogue or crash pad with lots of love, prayer, kinderlach.
Karl Bach Box 2276 c/o NJP

MOHELET — Yes, a female mohel. Does it upset you? Do you think that this is another "keep the tips" joke? Sorry, but I've got ordination too. You'll just have to get used to us. We're naturals. A cut above the rest.



ADVERTISE

SITUATIONS WANTED

MALE
Fund Raiser expd. back 1 Cal cleaned up, methadone, 4 years parandhing expd suit 1423 N.Y. Hilton

PERSONALS

NOT YET ORTH yng wom, very trad., well. Havurah, seeks compasit husb or male who keeps kosher, but only at home. holds negliah, not needs; likes Buber not Kaplan, Zionist but no aliyah. Send letter & photo to Box 7386 c/o NJP but no commitment to respond.

ISRAELI tall, good look, sks immed matr. Obj. green card.
DUDD 999-4221

HAMISCH old fashion gal, Europ. bkrd late 40's, loves cook and to make man feel comfy & homely.
Fanny 051-4221



PERSONALS



WATERFRONT Morasha this summer, 17, much improved complexion, sks girl for mandatory coupling off, walks in woods, meaningful relat. till Sept.
Norm QU 4-9872

WE MET at well, you watered sheep after I got rock off. Could go for you in big way.
Jake 134-2819

ATTR refined, 42, own business seeks younger woman who appreciates finer things, to share Ellenville bungalow.
Bill 167-4238

PARENTS of 19 yr. old, lovely girl, Sh Shab, offer dowries for prospect.
Husbands: \$2,000.00 yeshiva H.S. ed. can read Rashi
\$5,000.00 \$10,000.00 Smicha
\$20,000.00 Doctor
No Ph.D's please Box 2117 C/o NJP

Old looking people needed to double as nursing home residents for noted nursing home in Mohegan. Apply to GYSSBWC, INC. (Get your Social Security benefits while you can) c/o NJP

Oriental Vice-Premier on short visit to U.S. seeks woman to mend ties.
Call evens: 2-2422

WIDOWER, 68, snow on roof but still smoke in furnace, seeks yng atrf wom for long dist relat. Top dollar for extensive photos, send in plain brn. wrap. to: Box 8234 c/o NJP

DAVID SUSKINE is looking for virgins over 25 so he thought he'd try advertising here. Anonymity guaranteed.
Box 1047 NJP

YNG, attr, sweet, finan, secure, Shom Shab, good figure (for about 2 more mos.) Obj. Immed Matr. far E coast.
Box 6911 c/o NJP

EXPRCD MATCHMAKER — also Butane Lighers.
call Piro QU 6-5555

CHAPARONE SERVICE for Orth Singles, Avoid Yichud but enjoy privacy — Jewish Guild for the Blind 216-5474

LONELY? WHY?
Breastover groups forming, celibacy workshops
QA6-1212

ORTH: Computer Shiddach Dating Put a sheitl over their heads and they all look alike.
So why not give us a try?
Call 617-6654

LOOKING for Mr. Good-Bar-Mitzvah? Tired of the Jewish search? **WORLD OVER** introduction service has hundreds of black men mad for spoiled JAPS like you.
Box 1499 c/o NJP

Lonely?
Avoid machine matching and go out with humans. Don't waste any more valuable time. Instead waste your money on us...
Call QU 2-2308

Alone?
Why? Write us 14 good reasons. If you can convince us, then we can't help you either. Call for information. We had the lowest break up rate in 1978.
Write c/o NJP Box 77

War Vet 33, good looks, professional, looking for a peace.
Box 1002

Average orth girl 22, looking for doctor, must have established practice, good looks, good personality and will to compromise.
Call MO 4-444

ORTH HYPOCRITE seeks girl with similar qualities. Call Saturday from 9-5. 151-6767 ask for Sheygetz

MALE 50's seeks woman similar in age, education not important, money is, obj profit sharing.
write c/o NJP

Male 47 heart patient seeks female to mend broken heart.
Call Mashe Lev NM4-6444

Miss 36, attr, pr psychiatrist seeks male for couch therapy.

Outgoing girl looking to go out P.O.B. 1982

Miss 38, with 16 children seeks opportunity to start over again.
P.O.B. 2456

ATTR 36' girl seeks gentlman over 6' obj, to view parades.

Attr Miss 27, 5'7", slim, PHD, sense of humor. Seeks refined gent for information dist 411.

Attr male 28, has own business, high salary, house, yacht, I literally have everything including wife & 2 lovely children & I just wanted the world to know it.

Non sincere guy wants large dowry without girl.
P.O. 4532

Lonely gentlman 32, Doctor, good looks, 3 cars, 2 houses, own private plane, prefers staying lonely so eat your hearts out ladies.

Exclusive girl 21, never before have I placed an ad in a paper seeks refined gentlman. Warning I am very particular and do not give my number out to anybody, so please call QU 1-6576.

Desperate female 88, seeks anyone please respond soon before they put me in the box.
Box 88 NJP

UNICORN seeks reform horse of another color. Obj Matr.
Box 1010

6' Orth man seeks refined woman who will measure up.
NJP 250 W 12G

Singer seeks low key male with an ear for music.
NJP Box 1,1NJP

Attractive, Beautiful, Gorgeous, Charming, Beautiful, Attractive, Charming, Beautiful Paralegal with one arm and one leg, seeks doctor. Obj: getting it together.
NJP Box 613 NJP

Single pet lovers, in this dog eat dog world date others as humans as yourself.
NJP Box 01010

Attr yng woman with 12 children seeks fine Orth Jewish man with lg house, 5 bedrooms w/patio and sunroom. Please call before 7 P.M. so as not to wake the children.
809-151-1000 ask for Lola

Man wanted to hook my Cheinik, NJP Box 11 NJP

Charlie Tuna seeks nice Jewish girl who will never say she's sorry.
Call Starkissed 2-3812

Rusty fiddler seeks to pick suitable beau.
Call evens Adam Box 1 NJP

Married? Why? Join Let Freedom Ring, Inc. Meet single Ladies and Gents who won't marry you for anything! Free Consultation.
Call Toll Free 800-008-0800

Find your true happiness with me. I am yng vibrant wealthy, attr and desperate. Won't you give me a chance? Send photo and sex preference to me.
c/o Box 10W-1

Marriage minded twin midgets seek eligible, handsome, tall yng men of means.
Box 1984 NJP

Father seeks yng man preferable in medical profession for adorable 48 yr old daughter. Slight Ache and Arthritis Condition.
Call 016-421-4215

LONELY?
Need someone to weather through hard times with?
Call WE 6-1212

Shlinging Swingles of Lawrence, N.Y. Guarantees Dates.

Age 14-18 Call 6-8 P.M.
Age 19-34 Call 8-10 P.M.
Age 35-55 Call 10-12 P.M.
Age 56-75 Don't call us we'll call you 516-069-6969

ATTR mod orth woman, early 30's, seeks fine gent w/ high bracket, low risk prof. Maj credit cards.
Box 7963 c/o NJP

Yng man, 42, trad, quiet type, never married, civil service employ never dated, enjoys tv, OK to be perfectly frank my sds adore me, I may let a girl move in with us if she's not pushy, Annie's mom 056-3425

FERTILE FIELDS — My work disgust on Radio and Television and in coffee Klatches all over the city. We've been matching up the Good, the Bad, and the Ugly for over 60 years. If you fit any of these descriptions
Call (200) FERTILE

My father always told me... it's just as easy to marry a rich girl as it is to marry a poor girl. If you are a rich girl and don't want to make a fool out of my father call or write.
c/o Poppas Pauper

I'm tired of living a bachelor's swinging lifestyle. Grossingers at Nachum, Chalet Vim on Labor Day, the Copa, Jerry's and all of the West Side parties and single bars. I've sown my wild oats and I'm finally ready to settle down with the right woman. I'm tall, light hair professional, 75 years old.
Write c/o George Genuck

BRNNTE, also blond or red, satmr lady refined, means, enjoys shopping, window shopping, cross-country shopping. Sks slim gent to mid 40's, groomed beard, real fur shtrmel, macho for fun and tachs.
Call Soorie "TACHUS"

SEMI BEAUT yng wom w/4 kids never married, slightly burnt out decade of Torah acid etc whip kabbalist types. Ready to get it together in straight world & marry ortho man w/2 ft. on ground. Prefer 3rd deacon Aquar, w/compat gematria.
Box 5361 c/o NJP

Amorous, yung woman, 38 never married, seeks orthodox professional from \$30,000 who is willing to compromise.
Write c/o NJP



Tired of Blind Dates?
So am I. If you are yung, beautiful and looking for a husband, read another ad. I'm tired of blind dates.

CEMETERY PLOTS

Mt. Ymvees beautiful area overlooks entire valley, stunning view rentals available, low eviction rate.



HOUSES FOR SALE

L.I. 10 room house, 3 1/2 bathrooms, new hollytch, fin bmnt, prv grge, fire place, swimming pool, tennis courts, carpeting, asking \$50,000.

Boro Park - 3 story bldg, nice view of St. Hot and Cold water, stairs (up only), kitchen sink asking \$200,000.

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EXP MOHEL, Moe Tipper, 80 years old ans still snipping. My clients include some of the greatest Chassidic families in Williamsburg. Remember — "Moe Tipper". My motto "No job too small." Look for the clock in the window.

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Need toasters, tape recorders, washing machines, irons, calculators, Sony radio and TV? NO PROBLEM! Come to Crazy Voltage's Purim Sale. At Crazy Voltage we'll sell you everything for overseas use including electric blenders, heating pads, sunlamps, clock radios, stereos, cameras, projectors and portable typewriters. Check your lowest price (first make sure they have it in stock) then call Crazy Voltage. At Crazy Voltage, our prices are a blast!

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Has Experienced Dictator Available for Administrative Position
14 years Experience working with people and getting them to produce.
Write: c/o Shna No Box 100 NJP

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There is no zechus more important than the mitzvah of Limud Torah. But did you know that you can now save money on taxes as well as supplying a place for young Talmidim to learn Torah?

Now you too can declare your house as a place of worship, or a non-profit charitable institution.

You'll learn where to find signs, children, and even school buses to give your home the nuach of a yeshiva.

Learn to count 40 students as 400 and get in on the government's "hot lunch" bonanza.

AT YOUR OWN HOME, IN YOUR SPARE TIME

Write to: **GIMME TAX SHELTER**
Box 613 NJP

BAR MITZVAH LESSONS
Your place or mine
\$15 per lesson or \$500 whatever comes first
Write Moshe c/o Box 13, NJP

TRAINING IN SELF-DEFENSE
Are you scared with all the recent attacks on religious Jews?
Do you not fear that you might be the next G-d forbid, victim?
Do you know what to do if you are G-d forbid the target of one of these crazed psychos?
Then Learn How to Protect You and Your Loved Ones.
At the Only Strictly shomer-shabbos school of Self-Defense
"Learn how your Tefillin bag can conceal a deadly weapon."
"Find out how to fend off an attacker with your lulav."
"Slip away from danger using items from your pre-shabbos shopping (special section on gelatine fish as a potent weapon)."
"Render an opponent helpless with a simple flick of your gartel."
"Our Kohanim when they duchan are using a stance more potent than anything in Kung-Fu."

Try our new section forming soon on "Tactical Assault Manoeuvres for Taking Over Police Precincts."
MOISHES STRICTLY SHOMER-SHABBOS
YESHIVA OF SELF-DEFENSE
Under the strict supervision of Mike Rossman & Max Baer



NOT THE JEWISH PRESS



GAZUNTHEIT!

By Todollarfine

Sadie and Zelda were sitting on the beach at a posh Miami resort. "You know," said Sadie, kvelling with pride, "my daughter Becky just got her Masters from Barnard." "So ya tink dats sumpting," replied Zelda, "my son Oiving got his Mistress from N.Y.U."

Irma and Sarah were sitting on the deck of a posh ocean liner going to Europe. "You know," said Irma, kvelling with pride, "my daughter Becky just got her Masters from Hunter." "So ya tink dats sumpting," replied Sarah, "my son Oiving got his Mistress from M.I.T."

Jake and Sam were partners in the garment district for over forty years when they decided to send their wives to Israel. Esther and Millie were sitting in the first class section of the posh El Al flight to Israel. "You know," said Esther, kvelling with pride, "my daughter Becky just got her Masters from Bryn Mawr." "So ya tink dats sumpting," replied Millie, "my son Oiving got his Mistress from Harvard."

Chaya and Rayzel were sitting by the pool at the posh Catskill's resort. "You know," said Chaya, kvelling with pride, "my daughter Becky just got her Masters from Sourbonne." "So ya tink dats sumpting," replied Rayzel, "my son Oiving got his Mistress from Cambridge." "Who cares *you meeskite*," said Chaya with a gleam in her eye, "my Sam has a bigger insurance policy than your Jake."

I CAN'T REMEMBER A THING ...

By Todollarfine



Ah, the good old days. Remember when Mrs. Mattathias' sons Judah and Shimi would spend hours with us sitting *shoen* on the steps of the temple courtyard drinking Maccabee beer. The Roman soldiers (or were they Greek?) would pass the time playing pin the sword on the donkey while Simon and the gang would *episs* laugh *takkah* when the blindfolded soldier *shoen* would fall and act all fablunjet. When we were kids who could afford Saturday (I mean Sunday) matinees at the Roxy? Menum would say, "Keep yourself busy," so I use to take my little brother *Assubotus* Yankel down to King Herod's palace to watch the soldiers flog the religious fanatics. *Takkah* what an outing it was. Mama would pack us little bag lunches and maybe give us carfare. Mrs. Mattathias from across the street would send her sons Judah and Shimi with us. Listen in those days who needed money to have fun. We would all crowd together on the bleachers and take bets to see how many lashes the guys could take before they passed out. The winner got to keep the carfare.

Listen, if you don't remember this, how about when the black plague hit Europe? My little brother Yankel, cute little mischief maker that he is, was accused of poisoning Goyish wells and we had to hide him in a cave. They accuse and *shoen* little Yankel is a poisoner. It's not like today where they let everybody out on bail. Do you think my little brother Yankel would poison a well? Of course not. It's just that moronic little Yankel couldn't tell a well from a toilet. It's not like today where a toilet *takkah* looks like a toilet and a well *takkah* looks like a well. Who knew from fancy shmancy sanitation like today? During the plague Shimi from across the street and I would get a penny for every shroud we brought back to Mr. Rabinowich the shroud-maker. Let me tell you, it wasn't easy, but it was the only way we could afford to go to the movies.

Listen, if you don't remember this either how about the pogroms in Russia? Mama use to pack us a lunch and Beryl from up the block would come over and we'd

spend the whole day in the secret crawl space between the attic and the second floor watching drunken Russian peasants dragging away furniture, clothing and an occasional relative. *Takkah* that was exciting — better than a double feature and who could beat the price? Yankel as usual almost messed things up. My little brother spent most of his childhood looking for a toilet. But that crawl space was not like the crawl spaces of today. I ask you, *takkah*, who had a toilet in his crawl space in those days? It's a miracle those peasants were so drunk I heard one tell the other, "It's raining." So *Nu?* When was the last time it rained in your bedroom?

Look, Stop Stop Stop. I can't go on. It's too much already week after week. "*Shoen, Zeit, Nu Takkah, Gevalt!*" I can't take it anymore. I've got to confess. I've got to get it off my chest: First of all, I'm not even Jewish. That's right you heard me. I'm Italian and I grew up in Bensonhurst. If you ever read my column carefully you'd realize I know as much Yiddish as any Italian who grew up in a Jewish neighborhood. I can write anything as long as I stick *Shoen* in it and, *Shoen* I've gotten by for another week. Listen it's a living but I don't have to feel good about it.

Secondly, you should also know I'm only eleven years old. Think about it. Have you ever seen an adult construct sentences like me? (I've never seen a candy bar for less than 25 cents in my whole life.) I don't even know what a double feature is, let alone "*takkah*" and "*shoen*."

"In our day" never really means earlier than last week. And besides, don't get me wrong. You think I'm proud of this column I write. Sure, it's easier than the pizza business but who's proud? If I ever handed this *shlock* in to my teacher she'd have a fit. Sure I could write better than this. What do you think, I'm a case of arrested development? The truth is somebody told me I should write this way because that's the way Jews talk. The truth is, I've never met a Jew who talks this way, but remember I'm just a kid.

You have to admit it, I've been

pretty good so far, considering my age. People begin to get suspicious though when I keep writing *ahav-la-shalom* instead of *alav-ha-shalom*. I still don't know what either one means but I think the second one is right.

Anyway, I don't want to waste anymore of your time. You've all been very kind, but now that I've made confession, if you know what that is, I'll have to say ten Hail Mary's and make a decision very soon as to whether or not I'll keep writing this column. After all, I don't want to wear my fingers to the bone counting rosary beads for the remainder of my young life.

Sorry I have to run now. Father Antonelli is expecting me for choir practice and I'm late. A bigezunt!

Editor's Note:

Due to circumstances beyond our control, the author of the above column will not be with us any longer.

Please be advised that he is not related to the writers of any other column in this paper.

THE RESURRECTED HEARSTFELD

By HARRY HEARSTFELD

It is nice to be back from vacation. Things were a little dead, so I decided to come back early. Here are a couple of stories I picked up on my recent travels.

Ever since childhood Sam and Max were the closest of friends. Always together, so close you'd think they were bonded with Crazy Glue. They were even partners in business. For sixty years they were inseparable. Even in death they planned to be together, they made a pact that whoever died first would come back and tell the other what the other side is like. One day the inevitable happened. Max passed on and Sam was heartbroken, but was consoled by the fact that Max would return to continue their friendship. On the yahrtzeit of Max's death, Sam went to sleep praying for Max to return. At about 3 A.M. that night Max's ghost appeared "Sam ... Sam" Max's voice called. Sam woke

up, bleary eyed he looked around "Max is that you?" "You expect maybe Golda Meir?" Max's ghost quipped.

Finally! His prayers were answered. Sam was ecstatic, bursting with joy. He didn't know what to ask first. "Max, What's it like up where you are?" "Well, we wake up, eat breakfast, and ... have sexual ... relations." Max's voice hesitated on the last part of the sentence. Sam was puzzled. "Good Heavens! What else do you do?" "Then we have lunch and we have sexual relations," replied Max. Sam was baffled! "Is that it?" he asked again. "No," replied Max, "we then have dinner and have more sexual relations." "My G-d! Is that what heaven is all about?" cried Sam. "What heaven," snapped Max. "G-D! don't tell me you're in the other place." "What, are you crazy?" snapped back Max.

"I came back as a bull in Wisconsin."

Which reminds me of another one that I heard up here. Yankel was a pious old Jew. All of his life he never knowingly transgressed. He would always give tzedakah and go to the daily Talmud class. A real model Jew! But, as happens to the best of men the Yetzer Hara came over him and produced a drastic change. He shaved his beard and cut off his side curls. Traded in his bekeshes for a flashy sports jacket and bought himself a fancy sports car, fire engine red, the kind with a sunroof. And to top it off, he got himself two hot to trot ladies. One shiksa, the other a girl who was not so frum. For once in his life Yankel was living the life of Reilly. But, before he ever got a taste of his treif fruits, he was killed in a car crash. In heaven he came face to face with his maker. Yankel pleaded with the Lord. "Lord, why do you deprive me of my one fling in life? I've served you faithfully. Just this once I wanted to live a little. Is it so wrong that I, Yankel, your eternal servant..." Before he could finish the Almighty said in astonishment, "Yankel? is that you Yankel? I didn't recognize you without your beard."

Not bad for someone who has been away as long as I have. Gotta run. Have a luncheon date with Nelson.